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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

EVERY political observer gifted with normal common-sense could and did predict, eighteen months ago, what the general result of the Allied policy towards Russia would be. Five months ago they predicted in detail with lamentable accuracy how the madness to which Poland was urged by France, the Churchills, and Northcliffes, would end. All that was wrong with their prophecy was that it went only to the superficialities instead of to the heart of the inevitable disaster. For, failing some sudden lightening of the sky, it is certain that the end is not yet. Russia offered peace. Poland chose war, and with the infatuation of initial success drove her armies through a Ukraine, the bulk of whose people hated Warsaw more than they did Moscow. From the first moment of the Bolshevik reaction the issue was decided, and to-day the Polish armies, shattered and demoralized, are being chased by Red cavalry almost into the environs of their capital. If Russia chooses to capture Warsaw and occupy the country right up to the frontier of Germany no action the Allies have it in their power to take can stop her. The very expectations they held out are likely to prove the most powerful of all agents for the downfall of their hopes, for while the prospect of the Poland of March "going Bolshevik" was small, the prospect of the defeated and disillusioned Poland of August taking that turn is among the immediate probabilities.

THE history of the past month, diplomatically, has been the history of the endeavors of Mr. Lloyd George to retrieve, with a persistence and resolution that call for recognition, the results of his past vacillation and slowness. The Spa Note offered Russia a London Conference, which meant a full settlement with the Allies and recognition, at any rate, by Great Britain and Italy, if she would cease her advance into Poland and grant the Poles a reasonable peace. Russia declined the proposed conference, and said she could settle with

Poland without coming to London. Great Britain immediately concurred. Then came the proposal of the Soviets for a London Conference for settlement with the Allies; and the Boulogne conversation, with its decision (the only condition on which France would join in the Conference) that the Polish peace must be settled in London, and settled before anything else was discussed. That Note is, at the moment of writing, still unanswered, despite the despatch of a peremptory request for an immediate decision on the proposals made. And meanwhile the Soviet armies are getting nearer every hour to Warsaw, and the demand for the honoring of the Allied pledge of support for Poland, in the event of her territory being invaded, grows proportionately in intensity.

* * *

BUT no advance of the Russian troops, and no demand for Allied intervention, has any bearing on the fundamental fact that the Allies are impotent to intervene. If Poland is invaded, the Spa Note suggested, the Allies will fight at Poland's side. But who will do the fighting? It has never even been seriously proposed that troops should be sent from this country, and Mr. Lloyd George, at any rate, is sufficiently alive to the trend of public opinion to know that if he asked for volunteers for a Polish campaign he would ask in vain, and that if he proclaimed a new conscription he would be proclaiming a revolution. The position in France is not much different. France can offer munitions, but if the Russians get across the Dantzig corridor the munitions will find no way in. She might offer black troops, but before black troops could be drafted in any numbers into Poland summer would be near its end, and the employment of Africans through a Polish winter is not among the possibilities. Italy, it is perfectly well understood, would never lift a finger in such an enterprise. Stranger things might happen in the end than that the Allies should be driven back on Mr. Churchill's brilliant expedient of making Germany the dyke—unless Germany should decide, instead of being the dyke, to swell the stream, and strike an alliance for mutual benefit with the Bolsheviks.

* * *

BUT however mad and criminal has been the sowing, we are not yet faced with the reaping of that disastrous harvest. In spite of the suspicion roused by the announcement that Soviet government has been instituted in the occupied areas of Poland, there is no good reason to believe that the Bolsheviks have any intention of annexing Polish territory, or interfering with the system of government the Poles think best. There is better ground for attributing the delay in the armistice negotiations to the Poles themselves. The two questions of armistice and peace had been associated in every document that had passed between the different Governments, in Lord Curzon's and Prince Sapieha's as much as in Tchicherin's. It was therefore entirely natural and proper that, when the

Polish delegates reached the Russian headquarters with no authority to discuss the question of peace at all, they should be required to equip themselves with fuller powers. The decision to return to Warsaw instead of seeking the necessary authority by wireless appears to have been their own. If that is the fact, clearly the Bolsheviks cannot be reproached for using a delay they did not seek in the continued prosecution of their advance. Did ever the directors of a victorious army act otherwise? The danger at the moment is that some ill-considered word or action may involve the Allies in a conflict, the end and magnitude of which no man can foresee. Fortunately the Russian mission in London is armed with full diplomatic powers, and its members are as anxious as the Prime Minister personally appears to be to find a way through the crisis to a settled peace.

SWIFT himself could not have devised a prettier title for the measure which was introduced to the House last Monday by Sir Hamar Greenwood than "A Bill for the Restoration and Maintenance of Order in Ireland." Having caused rebellion there, for the purpose of restoring the country to order the Government codify the means which made it disorderly. It substitutes courts-martial for trial by jury, and, in short, names as "crime" anything which offends Authority. But few take the new bill, which will be passed under the guillotine, seriously. There is no trial by jury in Ireland now. Juries cannot be formed, nor cases found for them to try if they were. Authority already imprisons men without charge or trial, and releases them—when it releases them—without reason. But it is possible Mr. Lloyd George has no other motive for the bill than the desire to quiet the ugly noises of the Tory intransigents.

WHAT is of real consequence is the report, published on Thursday by the "Daily News," of an Irish deputation, supporting Dominion Home Rule for Ireland, which the Prime Minister had received. The deputation was heard on the eve of the Coercion Bill debates, and consisted of professional and commercial men, some of whom were Unionists. The deputation was the result of a meeting of business men at Cork only last Tuesday, where the Home Rule Bill was condemned as unacceptable and likely to increase discontent. This conference declared that the proper solution lies in the immediate grant of Dominion status within the Empire, and urged the Government to grant Ireland generous financial treatment in view of the over-taxation of Ireland in the past.

THE second Internationale and the International Miners' Conference are sitting concurrently at Geneva. The Internationale is shorn of a good deal of its former glory by the defection of most of the French and German Socialists, and its main concern at Geneva has been with its own future. Hopes for the reunion of reformist Socialism are still strong, and the British section has been asked to open negotiations with the Labor and Socialist organizations of nations not represented at Geneva with a view to the creation of an Internationale "comprising all the forces of Socialism." That, however, involves an accommodation with the Third, or Moscow, Internationale, which, having apparently induced MM. Cachin and Frossard, who are now in Russia, to advise the French Majority Socialists to look to Moscow rather than Berne, will be little disposed to make terms with the reformists. The adherence of the Second Internationale to moderate methods is emphasized by the decision to move the headquarters

from Brussels to London, a course urged successfully by M. Camille Huysmans, to whose efforts the survival of the Internationale through the war is primarily due, on the ground that British Socialism alone commands general respect and confidence throughout the international movement. One consequence of the change will no doubt be the retirement of M. Huysmans himself from the secretaryship of the Internationale. His most probable successor is Mr. Tom Shaw, M.P., who, unlike most Labor Members, is an accomplished linguist.

THE miners, representing what, considered in all its bearings, is probably the most powerful industrial combination in the world, have had before them two large questions, the possibilities of the general strike as a means of preventing war, and the prosecution of the campaign for the nationalization, or socialization, of the mining industry throughout the world. Here, as at the Internationale, the British delegation is larger, and on the whole more influential, than any other; though among individuals Otto Hue, the miners' leader from the Ruhr, figures as prominently as anyone at Geneva. On nationalization Mr. Smillie, the chairman of the conference, took the field against French and Belgian crusaders as the opponent of precipitate action. Influenced by him the conference has declared against any immediate use of the international strike as an instrument to force nationalization, but the question is to be converted forthwith into a definite campaign issue, and progress reported by every country at the end of each quarter. In Germany a Reichstag Commission has reported strongly in favor of nationalization, and the long Stinnes-Hue conflict promises to enter a new phase. Herr Hue has declared that the German miners will strike for nationalization if need be. He has also observed that under no circumstances would they submit without resistance to an occupation of the Ruhr.

WHILE these high matters of policy have occupied the miners' delegates at Geneva, the coal situation at home has moved quietly but surely towards its crisis. In the coalfields the men's representatives are being instructed on the action they are to support when the national conference assembles on Thursday next to consider the refusal of the Government to concede either of the Leamington claims. These were the removal of the 14s. 2d. increase on coal, and a further increase in wages of 2s. per day for adult workers, with lower amounts for young men and boys. At Leamington there was strong opposition to the "idealistic" policy of pressing for cheaper coal, and the unyielding attitude of the Government is likely to strengthen it, so that next week it is possible the conference will decide to revise the claim and to include in it only a demand for a larger increase than two shillings. Signs that the Government expects a conflict are not wanting. The stocking of coal has gone on extensively during the past two or three months, and it is understood that in several of the great industries—particularly shipbuilding, engineering, and textiles—a stoppage in the autumn would cause far less concern than it would have done a year ago.

ONE wonders that the "Anti-Dumpers" of the Tariff Reform League, who are just beginning to show their heads again on the political horizon, have had nothing to say all this time to the Government's own "dumps." There was a time when the mere word "dumps" would rouse these patriots to a frenzy, but the names of the Slough and St. Omer and the Abbeville

dumps seem to leave them cold. The House of Commons is equally nonchalant. So many of its members have done well out of the war that they regard it as not only "bad form" but even selfish to interfere with another hon. member's pie. Otherwise the Slough and St. Omer dumps could not have been whitewashed by 225 votes to 75 in Tuesday's debate. The Slough white elephant, which has swallowed up so much material, money, and men, when none of the three could be provided for housing schemes, has been sold at a price which is alleged to show a Government profit of £850,000. As nobody knows what it has cost, nor how many motor vehicles and spare parts have been included in the sale, this "profit" is of course merely a meritorious effort of the official imagination. The story of the St. Omer dump is, in some respects, more curious and romantic. These spacious affairs make one realize the value of the confession which Lieut.-Col. Hurst, a Coalition-Unionist M.P., gives in the course of a defence of the Coalition in an article in the "Nineteenth Century":—

"At no period in English history have money kings exercised more influence on public policy. The cult of the business man has altered the very framework of the Cabinet system. The best organized section of the House of Commons is the Commercial Committee. The power of wealth at Westminster is reflected in the status of the new rich throughout the country."

It would be a pity to spoil that amazing testimonial by any comment.

* * *

THE complicated struggle in China is working out to a result that may be interpreted, whatever else it implies, as a clear defeat for the militarist and pro-Japanese factions. No fewer than five different parties are involved, the Liberal or Chihli, and the pro-Japanese or Anhwei sections of the Anfu Club in the North, the Southern Government at Canton, the secessionist anti-militarist section of the Southern Government at Shanghai, and General Chang Tsao-lin and his troops intervening from Mukden in support of the Chihli party. The outcome of it all is what appears to be the decisive defeat of the Anhwei militarists, led by the former Prime Minister Tuan Chi-jui, whose hostility has for the past year kept the Peking Government impotent. At the present moment a definite *rapprochement* between the different anti-militarist sections is in progress. The Canton Government has offered to cancel its declaration of independence, and dissolve its Parliament, if the North is prepared to enter into negotiations with it; while the constitutionalists at Shanghai, who include men of such influence as Sun Yat-sen, Tank Shao-yi and Wu Ting-fang, proclaim themselves ready to come to terms with any constitutional Government of China. Altogether the prospect of the re-establishment of unity is brighter than it has been for some time. Some step in that direction was due, for the anti-Japanese feeling remains at a temperature that justifies apprehension as to the future of China's external relations. The Shantung settlement dominates all other issues, and the fact that China, by her ratification of the Austrian Treaty, has now become a full member of the League of Nations, puts her in a position to raise both this question and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance before the Council of the League.

* * *

THE death, at 65, of Mr. B. G. Tilak, the renowned Maharatta leader, marks the close of the epoch of Indian nationalism which began with the reform vice-

royalty of Ripon in 1880. Tilak—a man of genius, of subtle intelligence, and of implacable temper—led the left wing of the National Congress, but he was an alien within the party. The men who, for nearly thirty years, shaped its policy and set its tone were Liberals. Tilak was not a Liberal. Save for his knowledge of English and his ability to use the current coin of European political controversy, he seemed to owe nothing to the West. Throughout the whole of his public life he was at enmity with the Government of Bombay, which in his case must surely have established a record in legal persecution. He served three terms in prison, the longest being six years for sedition, on account of articles published in his vernacular paper in 1908. In purpose and method Tilak was totally different from every representative Indian known in England—for example, G. K. Gokhale or Lord Sinha. The Government of India was never under any illusion as to the depth and extent of his influence. He was the only political leader in the country who commanded the mob as easily as he captured and held the devotion of the *intelligentsia*. These revered him for his scholarship and the generosity with which he gave his help, while the crowd was conquered by his Brahmin orthodoxy and the austerity of his life. His alliance with Mrs. Besant in the Home Rule movement led to one more prosecution. He was in England last year, during the passage of the Montagu Reform Bill.

* * *

IN a striking message in Wednesday's "Daily News" Mr. P. W. Wilson described the proceedings of an international conference of negroes held the previous day in New York. The keynote of the conference was the demand for "Africa for the Africans," and a notable feature of the speeches was the vigor of the sentiments expressed by negroes from the West Indies and other British possessions. The chairman's picture of the sudden uprising of the black peoples on the day when the white man is locked in his inevitable struggle with the yellow, raises issues too remote to cause many of us of the present generation acute apprehension. The dawning self-consciousness of the negro is none the less a factor to be increasingly reckoned with—most of all, of course, in America, but almost equally in quarters where the claim to the rights of British citizenship is involved. Criticisms of America's failure to solve the color problem are easy and cheap. It will be all to the good if demonstrations like the New York conference force to the front the question of the status of negroes in British possessions, and, still more immediately, of the rights to be secured to the inhabitants of the territories brought under European mandate by the Treaty of Versailles. So far as can be seen as yet there is a difference in name and in nothing else between the mandate system and pure annexation.

* * *

A DISASTER in Mesopotamia, to the 2nd Manchesters and a battery of field guns, is now admitted by the War Office. Even before the official announcement was issued the Press had published information which made it plain that the original official news of the reverse gravely understated it. Now it is admitted that two officers and ten "other ranks" were killed, four officers (including the Colonel of the Manchesters) and twenty-two "other ranks" wounded, and two officers and 205 "other ranks" are "missing."

Politics and Affairs.

EUROPE AND FEISUL.

FROM time to time the Peace Conference at Paris turned from business to ceremony. The name given to these occasions was "Plenary Sessions," the title signifying that all the members of the Conference, great and small, assembled, and journalists observed and recorded the proceedings. The proceedings themselves were determined beforehand by the few Governments that kept the business in their own hands. On one occasion, some of the representatives of the smaller States made the mistake of supposing that the Conference would be interested to hear their opinions, an illusion dispelled very promptly by M. Clemenceau, who told them a little roughly that they had been invited only to learn the pleasure of the representatives of the Great Powers and to declare their loyal acquiescence. At these conferences no figure attracted more attention than the figure of the Emir Feisul. The grace and dignity of this Arab Prince, recalling a long line of royal ancestors, added a notable decorative quality to the scene. But his presence was still more interesting and significant from the importance of the part he had played in the war, and the importance of the part he was certain to play in the future. In the destruction of the Turkish Empire he had taken a considerable share; his armies had fought by the side of our armies, and he co-operated with us in the administration of the country from which the Turkish forces had been driven. In the future government and development of the great Arab territory delivered from Turkish rule he was bound to have a share not less considerable.

What would that share be? To answer that question was to answer a larger question, the question whether the Conference was to fail or to succeed in its task as that task was conceived by the innocent public. If the League were to be a real League of Nations, if we were to remove the capital causes of quarrel, if we were to keep clear in Asia Minor of the old entangling ambitions and jealousies, if we were to put the relations of Europe and the Arab States on a new footing, then Feisul was obviously an invaluable ally and he would be found co-operating with us. If on the other hand we were going to treat Asia Minor as we have treated North Africa, if the League of Nations was to be mere ceremony and the real business was to be the old familiar story of exploitation disguised under new forms, then Feisul would be an obstacle to the ambitions of Europe and, whether ruler or exile, he would be a dangerous enemy.

The answer has come sooner than most people expected. Feisul is now a fugitive from the country he helped to liberate, and a new Government has been "spontaneously constituted," in the inimitable phrase of the French journalist, "in the presence of General Goybet." France, to whom has been committed the august mission of giving disinterested help to the Syrian State, has thus opened a new chapter of friendship. And this new chapter of friendship is indistinguishable from any of the old chapters of conquest. Forcing Syria to be free, means, as it always did, forcing Syria to be French. To lookers-on there is something disagreeable in this violent exhibition of the real meaning of the new relationships of guardianship and trust which the League is to set up and preserve. When the victim of these benevolent attentions is a Prince who fought by our side and helped us to victory because we promised him something quite different, it is difficult for Englishmen to think of this incident without a deep sense of shame. But Mr.

Bonar Law, with a candor that is unusual with him, tells us that we must not complain, because the French are behaving in Syria as we behave in Mesopotamia. The two Governments are, in truth, accomplices, for they have turned the mandate into a mere mechanism for dividing spoils, and putting Arab States under European rulers. France talks of her "historic duties"—will the world go on paying for ever for the generous history of the most powerful nations?—and we talk of our special responsibilities; as though the fact that we are in India gave us the right to control Persia and to make Mesopotamia a satrapy. The open breach with Feisul, if the immediate scandal is French, is a dramatic symbol of a policy pursued by the great Powers, and, just as much as France, we are implicated in its consequences.

What will be those consequences? They will be infinitely more serious for the world than all the consequences of the intrigues and ambitions that have made the history of North Africa so sinister a part of the history of Europe. We may be pretty sure that no set of statesmen who put the peace of the world before the ambitions of this State or that, would wish to copy elsewhere the diplomatic transactions that mark the history of Europe's dealings with Egypt, Algeria, Tripoli and Morocco. But Asia Minor is in a much more dangerous condition from this point of view than the several populations over whom European protectorates of whatever kind have been established in the last half century. The volume, character, significance, and origin of the movements that are disturbing or animating the Mohammedan populations are interpreted differently by different people, but nobody doubts that the pride and the spirit of these great populations have been fiercely stirred, or that racial and religious self-consciousness provide far more powerful motives in Asia Minor to-day than they have provided in North Africa in the past. European Governments that challenge this spirit are preparing for themselves an interminable series of problems, for themselves and for their neighbors. If the whole of the civilized world had agreed on some common plan of oppression or exploitation or management or development along these lines—whatever name we like to give it—and the several Governments could be trusted to adhere loyally to it, the danger would be incalculable. But what is to be said of the statesmanship of men who think that two or three powerful Governments can share such a scheme, leaving in the cold other States with ambition also in their history and their blood? If England and France try to govern Syria and Mesopotamia as Protectorates, Russia and Germany, or any Government that is disappointed with its circumstances in the world, can set up as much trouble as they like at any moment they please. M. Victor Bérard, who speaks with great authority on this subject, has not concealed his view that friendly relations between England and France themselves will be put in peril by any such arrangement. We believe he is right. Whenever trouble comes, it will be natural for Frenchmen to attribute it to our selfishness in Persia or Mesopotamia, and for us to attribute it to French selfishness in Syria. There will be separate passions stronger than the common memory of the Somme.

It was hoped that this prospect might be averted by the device of the League of Nations. These Arab States needed the help and guidance of Europe. Let that help and that guidance be given in a disinterested form, and in a form consistent with the self-respect of those who receive it. In other words, let the power and responsibility be thrown on the Arab States themselves, and let the European Governments keep in the background, giving advisers and loans as they were wanted.

This was the scheme underlying the idea of the mandates. It has broken down. It has broken down because the Governments that should apply it were too much steeped in the traditions of management and control to give it a chance. This was clear from the moment Lord Curzon made his agreement with Persia, claiming for Great Britain the exclusive right to choose her advisers. Nobody looking at the condition of Syria, or at Colonel Lawrence's picture of Mesopotamia, can affect to believe that the national mandate is a device for protecting us against the dangers of Imperialism. We have argued for some time in these columns that the only method that promised any degree of success was the method of giving the mandates to the League of Nations itself, and of setting up a League of Nations Civil Service and a League of Nations Bank. In this way national ambition can be eliminated. A British Government that was concerned for peace and stability within its own realm, and in its neighboring communities, would have pressed this policy. It was so obviously the best hope of escape from political complication and from the danger of war. The Syrian catastrophe—for that is a catastrophe which removes a ruler who had enough experience and skill to keep order among his people, and turns him into an exile or conspirator—would have been averted, and a great field of intrigue and rivalry would have been brought into the neutral atmosphere of genuine international government. But the break with Feisul makes it more urgent than ever, and we hold that the British Government, if it cannot secure the adoption of this policy as a common act of the Supreme Council, should take steps at once to carry it out as its own policy. We must refuse to be drawn into a war, regular or guerilla, with Arab peoples, either by our Allies or by our own agents. That can only be done by renouncing any special claims whether in Mesopotamia or in Persia. There was a loud outcry the other day because it was said that our Education Vote next year would run into seventy millions. We are actually spending not far short of that sum in holding down the people of Mesopotamia. In other words, our garrisons are swallowing up the money that is needed for our children. Could lunacy go further?

THE WORLD AND ITS FOOD.

THE House of Commons spent its Bank Holiday in discussing, and decisively approving, the food loan to Germany negotiated between the Allied and German delegates at Spa. The French Senate and Chamber had taken the same action with a good deal less enthusiasm a few days before.

What the Spa Conference decided was, briefly, that each of the two million tons of coal to be delivered by Germany per month (to France, Belgium, and Italy) should count as reparation payment at its German inland price, and that in addition five marks gold per ton should be paid to Germany by the recipients of the coal, the extra payment to be devoted exclusively to improvement of the food and general conditions of the German miners. Further than that, the difference between the German inland price plus five marks, and the world price, should be given to Germany in the form of a loan, in which Great Britain, though she derived no benefit from the coal deliveries, would take her share. The loan, it was understood, was to be devoted to food purchases for the German population generally. Such an arrangement, it may be observed in passing, is in no sense a formal revision of the Treaty, which, indeed, specifically provides for the grant to Germany of permission to raise credits,

for the purchase of such food and raw material as may be needed for the development of her full industrial capacity.

But the Spa agreement has an immediate bearing on the food problem not only in Germany, but throughout the world. During the next six months Germany is required to deliver to the Allies 12,000,000 tons of coal. If on each ton the recipient has to pay five marks gold the credit accruing from this source will total about £3,000,000. In addition to that, and much more important, there is the loan to be raised jointly by the Allies. It was stated in the House of Commons on Monday that the proportion of the loan guaranteed by Great Britain, 24 per cent., represents a sum of £5,000,000, so that the total loan will be something over £20,000,000, or, with the £3,000,000 provided by the payment of five gold marks a ton, close on £24,000,000 in all. That total corresponds almost exactly with the estimate of an average difference of about £2 a ton between the German inland price and the world price.

But to pass from German coal to the larger question of the world's food, it is obvious that the sudden appearance of Germany in the markets, with some £24,000,000 in her pocket, may have a seriously disturbing effect on prices. It means a sudden expansion of demand with no corresponding expansion of supply, and in the interests equally of Germany herself; and of all other purchasing countries, it is imperative that a way should be found to prevent the benefit granted to Germany from working out to the detriment of food-consumers generally. That is the chief problem that will face the food conference between the Allies and the Germans to be held some ten days or a fortnight hence.

The problem is complicated in any case by the presence of a number of altogether uncertain factors. Fundamentally the food problem is a problem of wheat, or at any rate of grain of various kinds, for though man does not habitually live by bread alone he lives much more by bread than any other staple. So long as bread is forthcoming he stands in no danger of starvation. And the wheat supply of the world to-day cannot be accurately computed. Still less can wheat-prices, a matter of vital importance to the many nations whose purchasing power at the best must fall far short of their minimum needs. Normally Europe depends for its wheat on Canada, the United States, Argentina, India, Australia, and, of course, Russia. Of these India has had a particularly good harvest, but it follows two bad years that have exhausted her reserves, and she is much more likely to use the present harvest's surplus for building up her stocks than for export to Europe. Australia has had a poor harvest, and little can be looked for from her. Argentina, owing to the discontent of her own consumers at the continuous rise of prices, recently imposed a partial embargo on export, and that embargo, according to a telegram of three days ago, has now been made complete. There remains therefore the United States, Canada, and Russia. The two former have large exportable surpluses, but the relative monopoly conferred on them by the decrease in competition from Argentina, India, Australia, and Russia, combined with the present state of the exchanges, has made the purchase of American wheat an enormously costly transaction.

What, finally, is to be looked for from Russia? The Russian corn-bins, we have been assured, are bulging. They may or may not be. That there is some wheat in South Russia available for export is not in question, and even under present conditions small quantities will probably find their way to nations in need. Czechoslovakia, for example, whose natural channels of trade lie to the East, has a commercial mission in Russia, and

a Soviet mission is at present in Prague. Italy is actually getting corn from Novorossisk. Austria, too, has recently concluded a trading agreement with Russia. There are no insuperable transport difficulties, three possible routes, overland, by Trieste, or by the Danube being available.

But the benefit a settlement with Russia would confer on humanity would be not immediate corn-deliveries, but the promise of corn. Can America afford to hold up her reserves, and with them her prices, on the assumption of another world-shortage next year? The answer to that question lies beyond the Dniester and the Bug. If the Russian armies can be disbanded, if ploughing and sowing can go forward in the next six months, and machinery and transport be repaired, then the reappearance of Russia among the corn-supplying countries next year can be counted on. And any firm prospect of that would bring the existing reserves in America tumbling into the market not next year but now. Supplies, in a word, would be increased and prices correspondingly reduced.

A Russian settlement, however, is not yet among the certainties. What the coming food conference has to consider is the prospect offered by a world in which the demand already exceeds the available supply, with the demand about to be swelled by the acquisition of new purchasing power to the extent of some £24,000,000 by a consuming nation suffering gravely from shortage. Obviously the first aim must be to secure that if Germany buys, she shall not buy as a competitor of the Allies. There is no other way of preventing her advent in the market from driving up prices against everyone. Hitherto the Allies have done their buying in common, one of the wise and necessary war provisions that has not yet been scrapped. There would be no difficulty in bringing Germany within the same organization, and there would be moral as well as material advantages in doing so.

Unfortunately, though the Inter-Allied organization is not yet dissolved, its doom has been pronounced, and, unless wiser counsels prevail in the interval, August 31st will see the end of it. "Normal conditions," it is declared, must be restored. A life-belt is not a normal article of dress, but the shipwrecked man is usually content to wait for the restoration of normal conditions in that respect till he reaches shore. And the world has not yet reached shore in the matter of its food supplies. It is a good deal nearer than it was, but there is a long way to go. With the wheat markets in their present condition the private dealer, if the business reverts forthwith to him, will be compelled, in order to provide against contingencies, to allow himself a margin equivalent to another penny or twopence on the loaf. There is, in other words, in the case of wheat, as good a case as ever there was for Government action and a joint purchasing scheme—a better case, indeed, in view of Germany's increase of purchasing power.

The poor nations of Europe, Germany among them, are likely to fare ill so long as they are compelled to buy their wheat in North America, where the exchange is more adverse to them than anywhere else in the world. For the moment there is little remedy for that, unless Germany, who has close associations with Argentina, can get the embargo there raised in her favor. Much will depend on how her credits are arranged—and more on whether she is brought into a joint scheme on the same footing with the Allies. There

is no serious world-shortage of wheat, no grave shortage of meat, and no considerable lack of shipping. Given the existence of a body with power to arrange supply with some relation, not merely to purchasing power but to physical needs, the world should be materially better nourished in the next twelve months than it has been in the last.

A FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY.

THE convulsion of the world-war has brought down many old and decaying institutions and disclosed a great number of hidden "interiors." One of the most notable of the backstair labyrinths now exposed to passers-by is the connection of the Chartered Company with the territory now known as Rhodesia, and the vast bill which it is presenting to the British taxpayer. During the "Imperialist" phase of the Victorian era our people were induced to connive at much iniquity in the undeveloped territories of the world by the lure of gold, the promise of markets, and the magic of the flag. It was Sir A. Quiller-Couch who long ago protested against being called upon to shout for Empire by "a stockbroker waving the British flag," but unluckily these sane voices were few, and now Nemesis is arriving. The British taxpayer is confronted by the "Chartered" group with a bill for over 20 millions, which he is expected to pay to enable Rhodesia to settle down as a solvent and self-governing State. One thing, we think, is clear: that the experiment of Chartered Company government will never again be sanctioned by British public opinion, and the lurid history of the British South Africa will have had much to do with this coming decision.

Mr. John H. Harris, the secretary of the Aborigines Protection Society, knows more about Rhodesia than any man in England outside the circle of the Chartered Company, and we are glad he has seized the occasion to bring before the public the true history of this territory in his book.* The material part of the story begins with the "treaty of peace and amity," which was signed by Lobengula, King of the Matabele, and Mr. J. S. Moffatt (on behalf of the British Government) on February 11th, 1887. In October, 1888, there was obtained from Lobengula the famous Rudd concession, which for several years was the only legal instrument on which the Chartered Company could set up any title to operate in either Matabeleland or Mashonaland. It was obtained by the late Mr. C. D. Rudd and Mr. Rochefort Maguire, and it gave the recipients mining rights throughout Rhodesia; but unfortunately for the Chartered Company—who obtained possession of it after various financial traffickings at continually increasing prices—it conveyed no land rights of any kind. Lobengula always refused to barter away any land ownership, and in the earlier concession which he had given to the well-known South African explorer, hunter, and gold prospector, Mr. Thomas Baines, in 1876, he had specifically excepted and excluded any question of land grants. No sooner had the Rudd concession been signed than Lobengula began to have his doubts about it, and he protested in writing in April, 1889, that he had never contemplated granting the entire mineral output of his country to these adventurers, but had only authorized them to dig for gold at any spots selected. In the winter of 1888 the thoroughly alarmed monarch persuaded an English officer, Lieut. E. A. Maund, in whom he had confidence, to conduct two of his indunas to

* "The Chartered Millions" (The Swardmore Press Ltd. 15s. net).

London with a letter to Queen Victoria, in which he asked for her advice "as he is much troubled by white men who come into his country and ask to dig for gold." Lord Knutsford, then Colonial Secretary, wrote Her Majesty's reply, which contained this passage:—

"Lobengula is the ruler of his country, and the Queen does not interfere in the government of that country, but as Lobengula desires her advice, Her Majesty is willing to give it.

"In the first place the Queen wishes Lobengula to understand distinctly that Englishmen who have gone out to Matabeleland to ask leave to dig for stones have not gone with the Queen's authority, and that he should not believe any statements made by them or any of them to that effect.

"The Queen advises Lobengula not to grant hastily concessions of land, or leave to dig, but to consider all applications very carefully."

That was excellent counsel given on March 26th, 1889. But other influences soon prevailed. By October 15th, 1889, the British South Africa Company, with the Duke of Fife, a connection of the Royal Family by marriage, as its vice-president, had been formed by Mr. Rhodes's clique, and a Royal Charter had been granted authorizing it to carry out various commercial and benevolent operations in the territories of Lobengula. Another letter was sent in the White Queen's name by Lord Knutsford on November 15th, 1889, in which Lobengula was informed that the Chartered Company could "be trusted to carry out the working for gold in the Chief's country without molesting his people or in any way interfering with their kraals, gardens, or cattle." It was suggested that the Chartered Company should be allowed to exercise jurisdiction over white men in Lobengula's country in order to save him trouble, but the letter contained this very definite passage:—

"Of course, this must be as Lobengula likes, as he is King of the country, and no one can exercise jurisdiction in it without his permission."

It is therefore quite clear that neither the Rudd concession nor the Royal Charter gave the British South Africa Company any rights either as landowners or as sovereigns over Lobengula or the natives generally.

So late as August 16th, 1893, Sir Henry (afterwards Lord) Loch wrote to Mr. Moffat on behalf of the British Queen:—"You can tell the King from me I have no intention of invading his country or of dragging him into war." Mr. Harris brings out the fact that two days before that assurance Dr. Jameson had signed at Fort Victoria a secret agreement with Captain Allan Wilson for the raising of a force to invade Matabeleland. This "infamous agreement" provided that the enlisted troopers were to have allotted to them 6,000 acres of land each, and this therefore confiscated in advance 4,000,000 acres of land which did not belong to Dr. Jameson or the Chartered Company. The troopers were to have also rights to gold claims, and the force was to divide half the "loot"—the very word is used in this singularly unabashed document—and it referred obviously to the thousands of cattle which constituted the main wealth of the Matabele nation. It is clear that this raid had been the intention of Mr. Rhodes and his accomplices from the beginning, and that they had treated the repeated assurances of Queen Victoria and Lord Knutsford to Lobengula with cynical contempt throughout. Mr. Harris quotes from Mr. de Waal's book, "With Rhodes in Mashonaland," Mr. Rhodes's reply so early as 1890 to a Boer farmer who, in Mr. de Waal's presence, pressed him to invade Matabeleland:—"You must remember that I have only the right to dig gold in that land; so long, therefore, as the Matabele do not molest my people I cannot declare war against them and deprive them of

their country, but as soon as they interfere with our rights I shall end their game." There is a book not quoted by Mr. Harris, "How We Made Rhodesia," written in diary form by Major A. G. Leonard, a British officer who was second in command of the Pioneer Force which made the road and entered Mashonaland—without opposition from Lobengula—in 1890, immediately after the grant of the Charter. This officer, who remained in the Chartered Police, makes no secret of the objective of the Rhodes set. Thus in September, 1891, he writes at Macloutsie:—

"As for the Matabele, he (Rhodes) will make short shrift of them if he gets the chance, or if they do not give it to him, he and Jameson between them will make it, as sure as eggs are eggs."

Mr. Harris enables us to see how exactly this prophecy was fulfilled. He quotes a touching paragraph in the "Mashonaland Times" of July 20th, 1893, which reports that the Rev. Sylvester, the military chaplain at Fort Victoria, held a service after parade:—"The rev. gentleman stood on ammunition cases and said that the sons of Ham would all be cleared out." Following on the secret agreement as to "loot," a quarrel was picked with the Matabele, who were alleged to have fired on a party of police troopers. It is now certain that the troopers fired on them, though no "organized or individual resistance was offered." The Matabele were alleged to have violated a border line between Lobengula's remaining dominions and Mashonaland, which had never been delimited, or even indicated by either Lobengula or the British Government. The next chapter was the invasion of Matabeleland, the shooting down of the blacks in heaps with machine-guns, the flight of Lobengula, the seizure of his cattle, and the occupation of Bulawayo, his capital. The main excuse for this carefully-engineered rapine was the alleged cruelties of the Matabele to their tributary neighbors, the Mashonas. It is indeed one of the minor ironies of history that two years later when the Matabele revolted after the Jameson Raid, their oppressed victims, the Mashonas, in large numbers, revolted too.

By August, 1914, twenty-one million acres of land in Rhodesia had been alienated to white men, and the Chartered Company claimed that they were owners of the remaining seventy million acres. It was in this form that their claim came before the Privy Council. They were in this difficulty. Their real argument was that of conquest, but they dared not put that forward, for by English law all conquests of foreign territory made by British subjects belong to the British Crown. The Chartered Company, therefore, put forward as their main base what is called the Lippert concession, which had been granted by Lobengula to Amandus Lippert, a German from the Transvaal, in November, 1891, and afterwards acquired by the Chartered Company. Now the Lippert concession had this value in their eyes, that it purported to grant land rights which the Rudd concession did not. Unfortunately for them, the Lippert concession crumbled away before the Privy Council. Their lordships held in their judgment given in July, 1918, that the Lippert concession "as a title deed to the unalienated lands is valueless." The concession, they decided, did not give Lippert any right to use the land, or to make it his own, but only to allot land in Lobengula's name. If the Company's reading of this precious document were to be accepted as correct, the whole Matabele nation would from that date be dependent on this stranger from Johannesburg for the right to their gardens and pastures, their King's kraal, and their fathers' graves, and that was held to be absurd. It was equally clear that the Royal Charter

gave no grant of land to the Company, and the Privy Council therefore concluded that when the 25 years for which the Charter granted administrative rights came to an end, the whole of the unalienated lands of Rhodesia would become the property of the Crown, subject to such rights (if any) still held by the natives. The Crown would in fact become the paramount authority in succession to Lobengula.

The Privy Council decided that the Company had the right to look to the Crown either out of the proceeds of further sales of lands or out of public funds to reimburse it "any balance of aggregated advances made by it for necessary and proper expenditure upon the public administration of Southern Rhodesia." The Chartered Company had utterly failed to establish its claim to be the sole landowner of Rhodesia; all that was left to it was its debt as administrators. This was, of course, excellent doctrine for the white colonists of Rhodesia, who, for a decade at least, had been agitating against the land claims of the Chartered Company; and it has given the natives some hope that their land rights will now come under the direct sanction of the British Crown and not of the Company. But it promises, too, another burden for the British taxpayer. The Chartered Company's mouth has been gradually opening very widely. Mr. Hawkesley, its famous solicitor, at Bulawayo, in 1906, suggested that the figure the Company would demand would be £5,000,000. A year later he definitely fixed it at £10,000,000. In June, 1919, the writer of an inspired article in the "Times" suggested £18,000,000, and as this calculation omits several important items, Mr. Harris is probably not far wrong in suggesting that the final figure of the bill will be £22,000,000. This demand is now being considered by Lord Cave's Commission, which will report to the Cabinet. It is quite certain that the 25,000 white settlers of Rhodesia will refuse to be saddled with such a debt; it is absurd to suppose that the Union of South Africa

will accept it, therefore this serious charge must fall either on the Imperial Exchequer or on the unfortunate natives.

Mr. Harris is rightly anxious that we shall not buy off the Chartered Company at the expense of the natives whom it has already treated so harshly. They have been absolutely and utterly expropriated from any land rights in Rhodesia; and of the 280,000 cattle which they owned in 1893, 230,000 have been taken from them. With singular hypocrisy all these measures of spoliation were equally applied to the Mashonas, although the Chartered Company always professed to the public at home that they were anxious to protect the Mashonas from the oppression of their more war-like neighbors, the Matabele, and although the Mashonas always protested that they owed no allegiance to Lobengula, had never been conquered by him, and paid him no tribute. That is the reward which the Chartered Company has given to the "friendlies" who assisted it in its first war against the Matabele. In the alienated lands of Rhodesia the natives now pay rents to the white owners and are mere tenants at will. In the unalienated lands there are considerable "native reserves" which are a mere sham, because the natives will not live on them, owing to the rocky, barren soil, incapable of cultivation, and often waterless. This is the testimony of the Native Commissioners, who really seem to have done their utmost to protect their unfortunate charges. The latter have had no chance of redress against the Company; but Mr. Harris points out that now that the Privy Council has decided that the Crown is the owner of the unalienated lands in Rhodesia, there is an opportunity for Great Britain to do something to redress the glaring wrong of 1893. For our part, we hope that all good citizens will unite here to take care that the Rhodesian native is given some security of land tenure in his country, and that the British taxpayer is protected from the rapacity of this group of impenitent financiers.

IMPRESSIONS OF BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA.

V.—BOLSHEVISM AND THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION.

IN the course of these articles, I have had occasion to mention disagreeable features of the Bolshevik *régime*. But it must always be remembered that these are chiefly due to the fact that the industrial life of Russia has been paralyzed except as ministering to the wants of the Army, and that the Government has had to wage a bitter and doubtful civil and external war, involving the constant menace of domestic enemies. Harshness, espionage, and a curtailment of liberty result unavoidably from these difficulties. I have no doubt whatever that the sole cure for the evils from which Russia is suffering is peace and trade. Peace and trade would put an end to the hostility of the peasants, and would at once enable the Government to depend upon popularity rather than force. The character of the Government would alter rapidly under such conditions. Industrial conscription, which is now rigidly enforced, would become unnecessary. Those who desire a more liberal spirit would be able to make their voices heard without the feeling that they were assisting reaction and the national enemies. The food difficulties would cease, and with them the need for an autocratic system in the towns.

It must not be assumed, as is common with opponents of Bolshevism, that any other Government could easily be established in Russia. I think everyone who has been in Russia recently is convinced that the

existing Government is stable. It may undergo internal developments, and might easily, but for Lenin, become a Bonapartist military autocracy. But this would be a change from within—not perhaps a very great change—and would probably do little to alter the economic system. From what I saw of the Russian character and of the opposition parties, I became persuaded that Russia is not ready for any form of democracy, and needs a strong Government. The Bolsheviks represent themselves as the Allies of western advanced socialism, and from this point of view they are open to grave criticism. For their international programme there is, to my mind, nothing to be said. But as a national Government, stripped of their camouflage, regarded as the successors of Peter the Great, they are performing a necessary though unamiable task. They are introducing, as far as they can, American efficiency among a lazy and undisciplined population. They are preparing to develop the natural resources of their country by the methods of State Socialism, for which, in Russia, there is much to be said. In the Army they are abolishing illiteracy, and if they had peace they would do great things for education everywhere.

But if we continue to refuse peace and trade, I do not think the Bolsheviks will go under. Russia will endure great hardships, in the years to come as before. But the Russians are inured to misery as no Western nation is;

they can live and work under conditions which we should find intolerable. The Government will be driven more and more, from mere self-preservation, into a policy of imperialism. The Entente has been doing everything to expose Germany to a Russian invasion of arms and leaflets, by allowing Poland to engage in a disastrous war and compelling Germany to disarm. All Asia lies open to Bolshevik ambitions. Almost the whole of the former Russian Empire in Asia is quite firmly in their grasp. Trains are running at a reasonable speed to Turkestan, and I saw cotton from there being loaded on to Volga steamers. In Persia and Turkey, powerful revolts are taking place, with Bolshevik support. It is only a question of a few years before India will be in touch with the Red Army. If we continue to antagonize the Bolsheviks, I do not see what force exists that can prevent them from acquiring the whole of Asia within ten years.

The Russian Government is not imperialistic in spirit, and would prefer peace to conquest. The country is weary of war and denuded of goods. But if the Western Powers insist upon war, another spirit, which is already beginning to show itself, will become dominant. Conquest will be the only alternative to submission. Asiatic conquest will not be difficult. But for us, from the imperialist standpoint, it will mean utter ruin. And for the Continent it will mean revolutions, civil wars, economic cataclysms. The policy of crushing Bolshevism by force was always foolish and criminal; it has now become impossible and fraught with disaster. Our own Government, it would seem, have begun to realize the dangers; let us hope they realize them sufficiently to enforce their view against opposition. If not, the Great War (as we still call it) will have been only the prelude to a conflagration compared with which it will seem to have been a mere frontier skirmish.

Convinced Bolsheviks, and their supporters in Western Europe, will face this prospect calmly, since they believe that in the end the Communist system will be established, and will bring a cure for all the evils from which the world is suffering. I do not find it possible to believe this comforting doctrine. I share the belief in Communism, but not in the sort which concentrates immense power in the hands of a few men. A just distribution of power seems to me just as important as a just distribution of material goods. All experience shows that very few men can be long trusted with great power. If Russia wins peace, the liberal ideas of freedom and popular government, which the war has put into the background, may again become prominent, and it may be possible to restore to the workers some of that control over industry which they had in the early days of Bolshevism. But if continued war necessitates continued dictatorship, it must happen, sooner or later, that the rulers will use their privileged political position to secure for themselves a privileged economic position. This has already happened to a certain extent; the highly-placed Communists have considerably more comfort than the mass of the population. But what has happened hitherto in this way is, on the whole, justifiable as being necessary for the health and efficiency of members of the Government, who certainly work much longer hours and at much higher pressure than the Governments of the Western Powers.

This, however, is hardly likely to be a permanent state of affairs. As yet, the men in high places in Russia are mostly very ardent Communists, who in former times showed a readiness to sacrifice everything for their beliefs. These men will obviously in time give place to others, less devoted, more opportunist, who will regard the situation, as most practical politicians do, from the standpoint of practical advantage. Such men,

if they could find means of carrying the army with them, would have little difficulty in decreasing large salaries and special privileges for the governing aristocracy. With success would come increased opportunities of corruption, and of exploitation of undeveloped countries. I cannot believe that these temptations would be permanently resisted.

The Bolsheviks have a complete theory, embodied in the Third International, according to which Communism is to be established everywhere, as it has been in Russia, by the dictatorship of an energetic minority. The theory is recommended by the impossibility of converting a majority while all the great weapons of propaganda—especially education and the press—are in the hands of the capitalists. This argument is a powerful one, and it certainly shows the extreme difficulty of bringing about a Communist State by peaceful means. Where it fails is in the attempt to show that Communism, in any stable or desirable form, can be brought about by the dictatorship of a minority. In political theory, it is necessary to take account of what may be called psychological dynamics, I mean the changes in men's aims and beliefs that are brought about by changed circumstances. Almost all men, when they have acquired the habit of wielding great power, find it so delightful that they cannot voluntarily abandon it. If they are men who were originally disinterested, they will persuade themselves that their power is still necessary in the public interest; but, whether with or without self-deception, they will cling to power until they are dispossessed by force. This is bound to happen to the Communist minority when, as in Russia, it acquires a military dictatorship originally intended to be temporary. Given a few energetic and able men who have a great empire and a great army to play with, it is psychologically all but certain that they will find some excuse for not sharing their power more than they can help. And those who have most power always can, if they choose, also have most wealth. Sooner or later they will so choose, and the expected gains of Communism will be lost. For these reasons, as well as for reasons of pacifism, I cannot accept the Bolshevik philosophy, or believe in abandoning the slower methods of democracy and popular agitation.

Russia is a backward country, not yet ready for the methods of equal co-operation which the West is seeking to substitute for arbitrary power in politics and industry. In Russia, the methods of the Bolsheviks are probably more or less unavoidable; at any rate, I am not prepared to criticize them in their broad lines. But they are not the methods appropriate to more advanced countries, and our Socialists will be unnecessarily retrograde if they allow the prestige of the Bolsheviks to lead them into slavish imitation. It will be a far less excusable error in our reactionaries if, by their unteachableness, they compel the adoption of violent methods. We have a heritage of civilization and mutual tolerance which is important to ourselves and to the world. Life in Russia has always been fierce and cruel, to a far greater degree than with us, and out of the war has come a danger that this fierceness and cruelty may become universal. I have hopes that in England this may be avoided through the moderation of both sides. But it is essential to a happy issue that melodrama should no longer determine our views of the Bolsheviks: they are neither angels to be worshipped nor devils to be exterminated, but merely bold and able men attempting with great skill an almost impossible task.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

[CONCLUSION.]

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A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

It is hard to say that any moral process can arise in a thing so entirely non-moral as a Coalition, but it is worth while examining the creature, so as to see where its new fissiparous tendencies come from. They proceed clearly enough from the looseness of its structure. Since the war came to an end the Government has had nothing to keep it together. Of principles one need say nothing; they are not professed, least of all practised. Neither is there any organ of Government. The Cabinet hardly exists. Mr. Churchill openly fights the Prime Minister; the Prime Minister lets him go on fighting, and is content to circumvent or to be circumvented by him. He himself conducts one-half of the foreign policy through his secretariat, and the other half through the Foreign Office. The two Powers are now fairly united, with Mr. Churchill nagging at both their heels. To-morrow they may fly apart. There is no Parliamentary Government; only a travelling Directorate. M. Millerand half governs England. Mr. George half governs France. Communication with the British people is made through a kind of oral tradition, the Prime Minister not being greatly given to the arts of reading and writing.

As there are some Liberals and Tories left in politics, some men of principle, and a great many discontented and fearful "interests," and as, moreover, events begin to move from beyond the petty efforts made to control them, the very diverse elements in the Coalition are in commotion. Every object of policy divides rather than unites. The Liberals want less Dyerism in Ireland and India; the Tories want more. The Liberals and the Cecilian Tories would dilute the Imperialism of the peace; the Tories would maintain it. The ultras, led by the restless, ambitious, and deliberately reactionary Churchill, have a policy, which is a second war on Bolshevism, with Germany as an ally, for the definite establishment of a White (propertied) Europe. The middle forces shrink timidly back from such a gamble. Carson has also a policy. He blackmails for Ulster, and has almost constructed a Cave of Adullam for the sallies of his band. All parties fear the high taxes and high prices; and have not a ghost of a notion how to get rid of them. All know that they de-popularize the Government and must ruin it. No personal loyalties or affections exist. Each man fights for his hand and keeps a wary eye on his colleagues.

The reaction of their internal tumults on the Prime Minister is direct and severe. He is now openly threatened; but his nimble intelligence and finely adaptive instinct must long ago have warned him of his danger. His personal following is small, inconspicuous, and abject. Toryism he neither likes nor understands; and he has let the Liberal party drift away. He has great influence over Mr. Law, but the leader of the House is an inapprehensible thing, which rapidly changes color and associations under attack. Yet, save for Ireland, his weak point, Mr. George has come nearer a policy than his evasive and impressionable temperament has ever conceived. Having coiled the peace round Europe he thinks he can disentangle her; perhaps he can claim to have unravelled a winding or two in the fearful skein.

Here I have no doubt lies the point of popular appeal on which his imagination has seized. Can he rally his Government and party—any Government and any party—to it? Probably he will try. But the enterprise is arduous; it would seem as if only something new, born in the womb of our common life, can avail for the salvation of our State society. Where lie the materials for such a birth in the wasted energies of Mr. George's statesmanship?

I FEEL, with all friends of Ireland here, a certain pain and chagrin over a feature of the struggle which continues, and, in its effect on the public mind, undergoes a certain aggravation. That is the murders of the agents of the British Government. I know, or I think I know, the feeling of the Irish. Some, I am afraid, regard these murders as acts of war, and say so. Others take the more qualified and usually negative attitude that they are in the nature of reprisals. A third section deeply deplores them, and look at them as blots on the history of Sinn Féin and the cause of Ireland. I cannot help feeling that this is the strain in the political thought of Ireland that should be strengthened here by men whose sympathies are with Irish liberation. For clearly there is demoralization. It extends, I am told, to a section of the younger Irish priesthood, whose feeling is not only to cast the whole responsibility for these deeds on to England, but to take them out of the category of moral offences and put them into that of war. Surely that is most unhealthy. There is an evil whose repercussion is bad all round—bad in its rebound on political sentiment here (which must be taken into account if a treaty between England and Ireland is ever to be a moral act), bad in its hardening effect on young and sensitive natures, engaged in the struggle, bad in the net of secrecy woven round these plots, no less than in the cruelty of their issue.

No doubt our fearful and prolonged misadventure in Irish Government is finally to blame, no less than the brutal severity with which the rebellion was avenged on the idealists who led it. Those dragon's teeth we are always ready to sow, heedless of the crop that sprang from the last sowing. But one secret of the Irish strength is the moral advantage she has had wherever her idealism and our Imperialism have come to open blows. Now she adds to this the great political gain that springs from Sinn Féin's intellectual acuteness and ardor, and the strength of its scheme of reconstruction. But I am persuaded that the murders will prove a millstone round her neck. They are not worse than our shootings and maraudings? No; and they have the excuse of material weakness at grips with an apparently overwhelming power. But if this is at bottom a spiritual conflict, as it is, they are essentially a defeat for Ireland.

I NOTICE that some of the papers describing the recent Royal Garden Party speak of the Queen as wearing an osprey. I can scarcely believe that this report is correct. After the two Houses of Parliament have shown what they think of the plumage trade by passing the Plumage Bill, in one case without opposition, in the other against a minority of 8 votes, it would be a defiance of public opinion for the Queen to wear an osprey, and the Royal Family does not as a rule make that kind of mistake. As a matter of fact I believe that the Queen does not encourage this barbarous practice by her example.

HERE is an extract from the report of a highly competent and well-informed English traveller in Germany:—

"The contrast (between Holland and Germany) as we came along in the train home was very strikingly illustrated in the two little frontier stations where all the elaborate and ridiculous customs business had to be gone through. On the German side, in a very grubby restaurant, there was beer and acorn coffee but, literally, nothing whatever to eat. On the Dutch side, in a newly-painted, spick and span dining-room, the counter was loaded with the most delicious rolls containing meat, tongue, and cheese, plates of chocolate cakes, &c., &c.—and all this ten minutes after I had seen the other: it was also necessary, of course, to transform the meal in the dining car of the train, and to substitute real tablecloths and napkins for the paper ones, and to let us have bread, cheese, real coffee, and butter, which were all lacking as we passed through Germany. I have dwelt on this only to show that Germany is surrounded by rich and healthy neighbors, and there is no world shortage of food, but the German people are to be kept, now nearly two years after the war, in a state of hunger and want. This is the deliberate policy, and I cannot say that I feel very proud of my country for not only being party to, but for being one of the chief designers of this treatment of a defeated enemy when peace is supposed to be restored."

"So as not to over-estimate the impression given by the general squalid and bedraggled condition of everything, the obvious want of food and the emaciated condition of the people, I visited an eminent doctor in Berlin, a man of world reputation as a physiologist who was not a politician, in order to ascertain the real facts. He told me that tuberculosis was still increasing, both in its range and in its mortality, so also was rickets. No children over four years old were allowed milk. Not only had a large number of cows been taken, but there was no feeding stuffs for those that remained or artificial manures for the land; very few trains were running and so the towns could not be supplied adequately; the lack of coal was the prime cause of the trouble, because there could be no production, consequently no trade, and so no money for procuring the necessities of life; meat was 20 marks a lb. and was therefore out of the reach of all except the very rich—the average diet consisted of potatoes, beans, and herrings. There was a great lack of fats, not only owing to the absence of milk, but also because the pigs could not be fed. The middle class were the worst off. The families of officers, professors, teachers, clerks, &c., were suffering fearfully. The doctor estimated the casualties from the blockade at a million, over a hundred thousand since the Armistice. He explained how it was not only a matter of physical and muscular deterioration, but the conditions had a psychological effect; the people were tired, depressed, and indifferent, and their capacity for work was naturally very much lowered."

HOLIDAY MOODS:—

The war has had the one useful result of showing men what they can do if they will only behave themselves.

The task of pacifism is the de-lousing of Europe.

The Protozoa are said to be immortal; like the tired "tweeny" they do nothing (bar a little sub-division) for ever and ever.

Man, working with nature, beautifies landscape, softening its outlines, enriching its coloring, and varying its effects. Working acquisitively, and without regard to her reproductive design and her harmonies of form, he gives it a harsh, depraved, and fatigued air, far worse than anything which she assumes in her least interesting moods.

Man in war pursues a negative end with the greatest possible cruelty of method. Nature, on the other hand, follows a creative purpose and employs the minimum of harm necessary for its achievement.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE HUMAN HUN.

To the military mind nothing can be more interesting than to read an enemy's account of battles and campaigns, published when the war is over. During a battle or campaign there is always something vague and visionary about "the enemy," no matter how accurately the "intelligence" may be supplied with information by scouts, or observation posts, or aeroplanes, or spies. A good general will usually over-estimate the numbers of his opponents and the strength of their positions. It is part of his function to calculate the brain and character of the generals and troops on the other side, but if he is wise he will attribute to them finer brains and stronger character than perhaps they possess. He will imagine that they may be precisely informed of his own situation; he will conceive them capable of the cleverest possible movements, and will devise schemes for counteracting them at every point. He will constantly put himself in the enemy's position, consider what the enemy would like him to do, and then do the opposite. Imagination is as necessary for command as a knowledge of military science or the power of inspiring men; and even a captain should decide his own action by conjecturing what he would do in the enemy's place. This is the most difficult problem of war. It is the old problem, now immensely magnified—the problem of "knowing what the enemy is doing on the other side of the hill." And not only what he is doing, but what he is feeling like. It is a study in psychology as well as in strategy, and how rarely is the military mind imaginative enough for psychology!

But when the war is over, with what interest—not necessarily with what satisfaction—does a general discover from an enemy's mouth all that the enemy had been doing, thinking, and feeling behind that hill, or behind those four hundred miles of confronting lines! With what interest must our generals have lately been studying the utterances of Ludendorff, Hindenburg, and Falkenhayn! With what interest must Tirpitz have studied the statements of Jellicoe and the outbursts of Fisher! With what strange feelings must Enver and Liman von Sanders now be reading Sir Ian Hamilton's Diary! What bitterness must have filled the hearts of Moltke and Kluck when French's "1914" appeared! The bitterness of lost opportunity! The recognition that their imagination had been no finer than that of the common military mind!

But let us leave this kind of interest, whether pleasing or bitter, to the great ones—the generals and admirals upon whose imaginative powers the destiny of the world for more than four years depended. We may find a more humble but widespread interest in discovering what was done, thought, and felt during those terrible years by the enemy's rank and file. That very phrase, "rank and file," suggests a row of dots—inhuman items capable of movement, lifeless points in a mechanical contrivance, fit subjects for the Napoleonic maxim, "The strength of an army, like a power in mechanics, is estimated by multiplying mass by rapidity." That long row or snake-like column of dots was the mass, and theirs was the rapidity. Yet each of those monotonous dots was a separate person, distinct from the next as a passenger in the Tube is from the man or woman on either side. A few passions, such as thirst,

hunger, love of home, desire for women, fear, and hatred of the sergeant-major, might, no doubt, be called common to them all; but each had his own particular share or proportion of these, and possessed many distinctive qualities and aspects of the situation besides. To common men in the ranks, thoughts and feelings of these common enemies must be as interesting as the thoughts and feelings of opposing generals are to each other. And common men are getting their opportunity now.

Already we have seen a good many books by Germans and Austrians who served in the ranks or held subordinate commissions during the war. Hitherto they have chiefly been prose accounts of the realities of war, such as Barbusse or Georges Duhamel wrote, though not so fine as literature—not so imaginatively true. Now a batch of books in verse has come into our hands, and these poets have also known the reality of war. Both in the prose and verse, what strikes one first is the entire absence of all the old-fashioned war-chat. In none of these volumes do we remember to have found a single word about glory, or heroism, or splendor, or hatred, or patriotism. We do not read of cheery fellows delighting in the hardships of the trenches, or going over the top with the glint of battle in their eyes. All that sort of chat has now been consigned to bishops and elderly journalists secure in offices, or to elderly gentlemen and ladies secure in clubs or drawing rooms. It is a significant change. Partly, we suppose, it comes from the increased education of the rank and file, who now for the first time have been able to express in writing what they really thought of war. Partly, too, one would like to think, from a growing reasonableness and common sense among the leading races of mankind. In the great exhibition of pictures for the War Museum one noticed a similar change. No champing steeds, no ramping generals, no glorious slaughter and triumphant shouts; but all the silliness and sorrow of mortality instead—the upturned fields, the blasted woods, the ruined streets, the bare, unsheltered roads, the machinery of death, the bloodstained harvest of war trailing back to the lines, and the parade grounds of the graves.

In proof of the change, let us take but one of the many German books which show it. Let us take an Anthology, called "1914—1916," published in Berlin during the third year of the war. The date is important as evidence that the poems were not made under the depression of defeat. Many of the poets were killed long before defeat was thought of. But all give the human, commonsense, detestable aspect of war, natural to any human being who has known its reality, not its false echo, and over whose eyes fond memory has not yet drawn her glamor. In turn they dwell upon the wretchedness of mud, and cold, and wet. They long, as all men in the field long, for the simplest comforts of our common life—for white sheets, for bread-and-butter, for baths, for clean shirts free from lice. Some long for music—for Sebastian Bach, says one. Some for a lover or wife, very many for the mother ("We thirst for the rooms of our childhood, and the scent of our mother's clothes"). One calls to his mother to remember, when she reads the news "He died as a Hero," the old days when he played with his tin soldiers and gallantly swept them down. One describes the ruined village, the shattered houses, the hollow church, the tower with only one half standing, and the dead resurrected before their time. To one the moon herself is like a skull. Another listens on Good Friday while twelve hundred guns salute the thorn-crowned King. Another describes waiting to collect the dead till the English got their coffee at six o'clock. Some are haunted with the curse of murder. They hear the

men they have killed crying after them, "Brothers! dear, dear brothers!" Many have visions of home:—

"As day departs, I smell the strong river of my home,
And I see the blue solemn outline of the cathedral,
The lights on the darkling ships, and the gravelled walks
now lonely.

And I see the hands and eyes of thousand, thousand
mothers reaching out towards us far through the night."

More inhuman and hideous is the ultimate effect of war in destroying all sense and feeling. In a poem called "On the March," we read:—

"Nobody is glad or angry about the dear old God
or the Fatherland,—The subjects of our own sing-song
tunes. We have no more joy or hatred left in us. We
are so utterly done. Now and then someone tries a
joke, But it is mechanical. Often, very wretchedly,
someone is tormented By a memory:—'My mother!' Or,
'My dear wife!' Then he falls again into the old
torpor, And stares in front of him at the wheels of a
gun Laboriously grinding forward, And at the little
clouds rising from the crushed stones. The column no
longer keeps step. Each man swings in step to his own
body's machine. Idiotically monotonous. Monotonously
idiotic."

Such were the thoughts of some among the enemy while we were trying to kill him and he trying to kill us, and both succeeding so well. Such were the thoughts of most of the enemy so far as we have read his books and poems. What a distance those German poets have travelled from the days of "Lützows wilde, verwegene Jagd" and the Old Field Marshal—"Was blasen die Trompeten? Hussaren, heraus!" They have travelled as far as the modern "Wandervogel" or Bird of Passage—strolling through the heaths and forests of his country with Rucksack and guitar, and bidding the State and politics go hang—is from the Bismarckian German who clicked his heels and strutted like a jointed doll. But consider our own poets, too. As parallel to that German Anthology, take the Anthology called "Poems Written During the Great War, 1914—1918." Read what "A.E.," and Ewer, and Gibson, and "Miles" (and his true name), and Siegfried Sassoon say about the war. They have travelled a long distance from "Rule Britannia" and "Frustrate their Knavish Tricks." If only the comfortable gentlemen and ladies who "guide public opinion" had suffered what they and the German poets suffered, or had gone as far! But already a glamor gathers above the slaughter-fields, and already "The Times" is urging us to cultivate the manufacture of new and more deadly poisonous gases, "as an insurance against war!" And if Tartuffe or Pecksniff ever went further in hypocrisy than that, we should like to know the passage.

THE CRICKETER AS ARTIST.

WE are supposed to be well on the way towards decadence in an art as soon as we allow the parts to fascinate us rather more than the whole—when, for instance, a Debussy so falls in love with the attractiveness of his whole-tone scale harmonies that he neglects the main job of music, which is the expression of some sort of emotion. But decadent or no, it is only human to find great joy in a new technical dodge for its own sake. A man may decide to buy a cycle, meaning really to save money in railway fares back and to the city; none the less, the day the machine arrives he will take the thing out and ride it to nowhere in particular, simply exulting in a new toy. Probably he will also take it to pieces and lose a few important screws and things—out of what is at bottom the artist's preoccupation in the way of doing things simply for the fascination of

that way. This love of technique for technique's sake is a characteristic in cricket to-day, perhaps more than it has ever been before. The parts of cricket—bowling, batting, and fielding—are now reaching an almost over-developed stage. In the beginning, we can imagine, twenty-two men met on a field, took sides, and had no other interest in cricket than to win the match. No matter how "old Lumpy" bowled Nutty out—grub or full toss—the great point was that he *was* out. And the lucky snick past slip looked just as well on the score-sheet as the neatest of cuts! In its earliest period, the parts of cricket were too crudely organized to invite specialism, and all the distractions which specialism can easily cultivate to take a cricketer's attention from the job in hand—that of beating the other men. Played on the village green, rudely if lovingly, you could say of cricket, borrowing from Kipling, that "the game was more than the player of the game." Nothing but the lust for conquest and contest here—no wiredrawn appreciation of the fine shades; simply the wigs on the green, and our team against the world.

There is a different viewpoint than this among cricketers now, and, indeed, among watchers of cricket. Who cares about the tussle for championship points if a Ranji be glancing to leg? Even the man who wants Surrey to get beaten cannot find it in his heart to complain, if Hobbs scores a hundred. And what modern bowler that has felt the joy which comes of breaking a ball from leg with an off-break action can resist the temptation of bowling his "googly" in season and out—aye, even if he knows a good straight length ball would get his man quicker? A summer or two ago the writer was coaching little boys at a public school. They chafed at having to pass through a course of conventional bowling. "We'd rather get wickets with breaks and swerves than the straight stuff that the old 'uns used to bowl"—that was their view of the matter at bottom. And only the other day, a great batsman in one of our counties, when he was bowled trying to hook an off-ball, explained his failure in these words: "Well, you simply *can't* go on hitting off-balls past mid-off. Any fool is able to do that. One gets tired of doing things in the easiest way." The divine discontent of the artist, this, surely! Who that has a soul at all, be he bricklayer or maker of sonnets, is happy just moving along the lines of least resistance? Had Ranjitsinhji been content with fat scores made in the fashionable way, he could easily have gone on hitting balls from the middle stump straight to long on. But he was ever an artist, "tired of doing things in the easiest way," seeking to widen the scope of his craft, experimenting, creating obstacles for the sheer fun of overcoming them.

Was ever cricket so well off in the so-called classical days for artists, especially artist-bowlers, as the game has been these last few years, since the advent of B. J. T. Bosanquet and his disciples? Surely a man had to have an axe of partisanship to grind before he could rave about the bowling of the Attewell school. A good length outside the off-stump all day—why, one of those new-fangled bowling machines would have been as interesting to watch! It was all right, of course, if you were watching the game for no other reason than to shout Nottinghamshire home, for undoubtedly Attewell *did* get his bags of wickets. But the man who goes to cricket solely to witness a contest is mistaking his game. Football can work off more combative energy in ten minutes than cricket in a summer. The summer game has, of course, its tight finishes—moments in which it is the team and not the individual that matters, moments in which one will cheer a full toss that gets a wicket and

groan at the bowler whose fine off-break gets clouted for six. But these seasons of crisis come rarely in cricket. Normally it is a spectacle as much as a contest. And because of that we must have our artist-cricketers—men who can get us interested in them, who can get interested in themselves, even though no finish of the game is in sight, and all is moving to the drawn match which bores the uninitiated onlooker. With Attewell bowling like an automaton and Scotton always taking the line of least resistance, the game needed to be won and lost. There was little, surely, in these cricketers but match-winning qualities. And, significantly enough, with the coming in recent summers of the great individualists like Fry, Ranji, Trumper, Bosanquet, the ancient lament about incompleting games has been heard less and less. Nobody worries about the draw, the uncompleted match which satisfies no lust for conquest, if an artist-batsman happens to be on view. Not long ago the most attractive side in the country was Sussex, with, of course, Ranji in the eleven. Yet they drew all, or nearly all, their matches.

Our grandfathers had, no doubt, their artist-batsmen in no small numbers, and perhaps it is in bowling that modern cricket is infinitely more interesting than cricket of yesterday to the onlooker who does not happen to be a partisan, but watches simply out of a love of the fine shades. Certain, anyhow, that our grandfathers never knew the "googly." When county groundsmen a few years ago started to make their pitches as perfect for batsmen as they knew how—mainly with an eye to a three days' gate—they probably broke the hearts of scores of average bowlers who found that mere length and spin were not much use on those "shirt-front wickets." But the artist-bowler found only another occasion for joy in this new obstacle, and set himself to get over it. Then the googly came, the whole point of which is to deceive the batsman before the ball has pitched. What matter the state of the ground if you can beat your man in the air? And the perfect modern wicket saw also the development of the swerve—another device calculated to enable a bowler to snap his finger at the groundsmen and his marl. Thus did bowling take on finer and finer points. To-day people actually go to a match to watch Parkin bowl—it is not only the batsman that is in the picture now! Mind you, they go not merely to watch Parkin bowl *somebody* out. Folk doubtless went to look at Alfred Shaw get wickets. It was the wickets going down they liked; not bowling for its own sake. This summer scores of cricketers have flocked to Lord's keen on Parkin's bowling and found it interesting whether or no he was getting wickets.

Specialism always, of course, makes the parts more and more interesting, and we have arrived at the time when cricket is in the hands of the specialists. There is even a danger that the whole will suffer. You can get so much in love with the art of spinning the ball the "wrong way" that you begin to forget that without a good length a bowler is no match winner. And as a long-hop is not even pretty to watch you might even cease to be worth looking at! It is well, then, that in cricket, too, nature in the long run distributes fairly her Platonists and her Aristoteleans, the men who walk by faith and the men who walk by reason. We have yet, despite that this is the age of J. B. Hobbs and R. H. Bettington, such sturdy upholders of first principles as William Quaife and J. W. Hearne. But even Hearne bowls googlies! There is no getting away from it—for good or for ill, it is the heyday of the cricketer-artist, the man who simply will not do the job in the old-fashioned and easiest way!

Short Studies.

FUTILITY.

It was my custom, after a disturbing occasion, to spend the day in the Gardens. The Broad Walk, where as Kensington born and bred I had spent my Golden Age, became symbolic to me of extreme emotions. Possibly it dated from the day I was lost, on an autumn evening, when it was transformed from the familiar and commonplace to the grotesque and unknowable; or from a later tragedy when I was twenty, and, jilted by a youth in favor of a silly but prettier rival, had taken myself and my sorrow there, and sat till the desolation of the empty Walk worked me to an ecstasy of sensuous melancholy. Seven years after, elated by another experience, I had come again to woo deliberately the vision of that early bitterness to heighten my joyous emotion. The imaginative or dramatic sense, an innate fear of the monotony of life, made me seek by such artificial stimulus to give permanence to the feeling about to escape me. October, 1919, I was thirty-eight. The same month brought a letter from my publishers to tell me my book, a third—the two preceding had reached no further than the typewriter—would be launched in December. This after three years of disappointing literary effort; and here I was in the Walk on a Sunday at noon striving humorously to bring a feeling of contentment and allayed anxiety to a deeper intensity. It was my failure, a sense of balance that would not be disturbed, which brought the devastating conviction of middle age, a fact I had combated with all the cunning of the incurably romantic. The shock with its subsequent desolation swept me from my bench, through the gates, into a restless hurrying through streets, till I became conscious of one with a house at its upper end, a No. 7, familiar to me as the home of a friend, the wife of a distant cousin, whom I had lately neglected. I recalled her as a woman threatened with a catastrophe, long delayed by her gentle obtuseness, and wondered if the blow was still impending or had fallen. Curiosity, the desire to still my own vague trouble in the interest of another's problem, led me to her door. In the faint light of the hall, I could see the change that three years could not bring to a life run on the smooth and normal, but it was not till we were in the small, purposeless room she called her "boudoir" that its full significance was apparent. It strangled my first efforts at conversation, reducing me to a shocked and stupid silence. For she had become old with that pitiful age which a loss of vitality and purpose brings to feeble minds stricken by things that do not reach their understanding. "You have had this altered and repapered since I was here," I said at last, staring, to keep my eyes from her face, at a foolish picture I remembered, a dying young soldier in the symbolic arms of Belgium. "Yes, but that was two years ago." "It is three, then, since I ——" "Yes, you never came to see us"—and so on; then again that silence. A laugh, clear and metallic, from the room opposite, came with the force of a blow. I felt it as an insult to the secret trouble here. "Sybyl," she explained, "a farewell tea-party, to her two greatest friends. She joins her husband next month."

"Egypt?"

"Yes. They have been married a year, and it is only now she is able to join him."

"You will miss her."

"Oh yes! Oh yes!"

Her despair was startling and incongruous to me, who recalled a wider breach between this mother and daughter than customary; the latter more egotistical and contemptuous than many of her generation; the mother ignorant, timid, starved of all tenderness by the girl's ruthless modernity.

"I was wondering if perhaps you knew of someone who might care to ——. We shall have so much room now." I stared. "A companion?" She parried.

"Oh, not quite; but the house will be empty without

her. It will give me something to do." I knew her shy hatreds of strangers; of all who were not in the category of the friend. It argued a great desolation that could overcome such prejudices. She was plucking at a fold in her dress, her eyes lowered as if she dared not meet the question in mine. "I shall feel so alone when Sybyl leaves." It had the note of desperation. I had now no doubt of the disaster that had overtaken her, but my interest was strangely replaced by a feeling of panic, an instinct to ward off the impending confidence. I talked lightly, feverishly, searching for some topic that could sustain me till I found opportunity of escape. We touched on a mutual acquaintance. "Oh yes," she broke in quickly, "you have heard of course—her husband —."

It was horrible. I had stumbled on forbidden ground, and my blunder had given her the necessary opening. I surrendered with the feeling of a trapped animal.

My unreasonable fear annoyed me, and I searched for its cause. The answer came in a closer scrutiny of her face. Her skin had become parchment-like, the mouth loose, the eyes heavy with an expression I could not interpret; a something vindictive, too weak for hatred, lurked there, all the more distressing for a certain sweetness that had given her charm despite narrowness and stupidity. She suggested a suppressed hysteria, prostration almost. My romantic sense felt outraged, and I was conscious of resentment. Sorrow, I argued sentimentally, should have given an added touch of dignity, a something—I felt for the word—aloof—spiritual. But here was only a loss of tone, a complete relaxation of effort. She began to talk quickly, with the little short breaths of a person laboring under emotion. My hostility increased; it was the manner of the confidence that repelled, for style, not the fact, commands our sympathies. I found myself struggling mentally to escape to the room opposite. Scraps of conversation reached me, shallow, confident. Here was vitality, something combative which contrasted painfully with this impotence. I became fused in their atmosphere, sitting a sympathetic, eager ghost at their table, sharing in their quick, foolish talk. I imagined its trend. Discussion of a ballet, a novel with its sex problem, marriage of a friend, engagement of another, the devastating "affair" of a third, this last provoking ironic laughter. These imagined topics and their light, high voices charmed and held me, till the sound of my name pronounced with a querulous intensity forced my unwilling spirit from their company.

"You knew Emily, you knew ——" she was saying. And I wondered guiltily how far she had proceeded.

"What is it? What are you saying?" I said stupidly.

"She was a friend of yours."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Gilsland."

There was no escape now, but my strange panic prompted me to a last clumsy evasion. "I assure you I know nothing. We were talking of —."

Her reproachful eyes silenced me, and I settled myself resignedly to listen and play my consolatory rôle at the given opportunity. She resumed her tale in the same tone; little, broken sentences punctuated with the short, hard breathing. A gust of emotion more vindictive than forceful startled me into closer attention.

"There were letters—his desk was open—you know how careless he is—I read them—I have read them often since—she writes to him every day—I mean to know everything—everything." This with a pitiful defiance as if she anticipated a remonstrance. I wondered, recalling my cousin's tendencies, of which she had been so absurdly ignorant, whether there had been other "letters," or if Mrs. Gilsland's attractions proved so absorbing—"and he tells me lies—when I ask him—the other day—told me—he was going away—to friends—I made inquiries."

Her face took on an expression of triumphant cunning, and I felt a shamed pity for this poor creature grappling with her problem, with her "inquiries," and surreptitious dips into correspondence.

"I see her constantly—I pass without speaking—but the other day something came over me—I could not help myself—she was on the opposite side—I crossed to her—and said something—something of what I felt."

"You exaggerate perhaps—there may be less than you imagine," I interrupted with an uneasy vision of the "scene" and the other woman's smiling complacency.

The force of that calamity, compelling such abject surrender of her gentle fastidiousness as to accost her antagonist, appalled me. My thoughts beat about the stages of that anguish which had wrested bit by bit her self esteem.

"I have prayed to God to take this hatred from me, to turn his heart from her—sometimes I pray for a miracle—that she might die—that something might happen—that he should see her—as *she is*. I think sometimes if I am patient—but it is so difficult—I am so humiliated—it is difficult—to control—oneself."

The tears were coming slowly. She seemed unaware of them till they reached her lips, when she drew her hand across her face with a gesture infinitely childish and pathetic. "You should go away for a change. It is not good for you to stay here and brood," I said soothingly, feeling I was not playing my part with conspicuous success.

"No, no, I couldn't."

I saw she had taken my advice in a larger sense, and I had frightened her. "It would seem like a desertion now—I should be leaving everything to her. While I am with him I feel I still have something—if I am patient he will one day—come back."

The improbability of my delinquent cousin's voluntary surrender of the vivid charms of Mrs. G., and return to this inert, spiritless being, produced in me a feeling of profound pity, so painful as to give rise to an almost hysterical impulse—to destroy, once and for all, the baseless fabric of her hopes. I wanted to rise from my chair, to take her hands, to look steadily in her face and repeat with solemn emphasis, till conviction forced itself on the dull brain. "It is useless—You are nothing to him—You have nothing—He will—never—come—back—never." This emotion became so acute that I felt only a violent interruption of our distressing dialogue could restrain me. Relief came, almost as an answer to a prayer, with the entrance of Sybil and her party. It had the effect of a rush of strong air in a sealed chamber. There was indeed something of the nature of a tempestuous wind in the girl's personality. One felt almost buffeted and shaken by the force of her robust vitality. Her large, healthy, rather masculine body, with its long limbs, smallish head with narrow eyes, and irregular, voluptuous mouth, bore an unmistakable resemblance to the one parent; of the mother there was scarcely a trace. After the first civilities, she turned to the latter with a look half contemptuous, half caressing, such as one might bestow on a domestic pet grown old and tiresome. "I shall be out for dinner—do you mind?"

"No, of course not, dear."

"We're doing a 'show' to-night—don't sit up for me."

I wondered if fate brought to her a like calamity how she would grapple with its perplexities, and smiled inwardly at my conjecture. That she would fight for and hold her possessions with all the ruthless egoism that had destroyed her mother's peace, I felt convinced, and was conscious of a grudging sense of admiration. Shortly after the departure of Sybil and her friends, I made my escape, knowing I had no more to give in consolation or advice. For a moment, as she held my hand, her eyes looked into mine with a dumb reproach, and I knew I had not only not eased her burden, but increased it with my sense of the hopelessness of her position, which I had unwittingly conveyed. My kiss was a mute plea for pardon. As the door closed on me I sought, too, to close my mind on the pain and pity of it. I thought of my own vain hopes, my success, my unfulfilled desires. I remembered the tragedy of my late twenties, its heartache and its ecstasy, and I found I could recall little more than the name of the being on whom I had lavished all that passion, tenderness, and despair.

D.

Communications.

THE CASE OF GEORGIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The unsettled Turkish problem has prolonged the war in Asia-Minor, as well as in Trans-Caucasia. The cost of living is exceedingly high, local productivity is paralysed, whilst at the same time commercial relations with Europe are carried on under restrictions resembling a blockade.

The occupation by the Allies of the Straits, of Constantinople, and the Black Sea ports, has been unable to put an end either to the nationalist Turkish and Pan-Islamic movement, or to the Bolshevik propaganda which is gradually working southwards. These two movements, avowed enemies of England, have succeeded in joining forces in Baku and Azerbeyan, and that the Russian Bolsheviks do not intend to satisfy themselves with this conquest is seen from the fact that they have pushed on to Enzeli in Persia, and openly declare in their Baku paper, "Communist," that this is but "a step in the campaign of the Russian proletariat against British Imperialism."

On the other hand, the Turkish Nationalist army is attacking Armenia from the side of Kars, and Georgia from the Batum province, where the Georgian Government cannot check the danger because the Batum province is under British occupation. Why, in Armenia and Georgia, is this Mussulman agitation allowed to go on under the eyes of the British authorities in Batum, while at the same time the Bolsheviks from the north are very active, and are trying to arrange an understanding with the Pan-Islamic agitators in Batum? The danger of that propaganda to the peace and even existence of Georgia is clear. And the news now arrives from Batum that, by order of General Milne, of Constantinople, the forts and defensive works of Batum are being destroyed by the British troops prior to their departure.

It is quite natural that the Georgians are asking: Are we considered as enemies by England, or do the British militarists prefer Pan-Islamism, united with Bolshevism, to the existence of the independent democratic republic of Georgia? Georgia is the only part of the old Russia Empire which, during the past years of civil war and misery, has enjoyed peace, and it has been arduously working at the organization of its social and political existence on democratic lines; national education, working class legislation, agrarian reforms, the co-operative movement, municipal and local self-government, &c., have absorbed the energy of the best elements of the Georgian nation. Georgia has steadily followed a friendly policy towards its neighbours; three times it called, in Tiflis, a conference of Armenians and Tartars for a peaceful settlement of outstanding questions. Georgia has also steadily refused to be drawn into the civil struggle raging in Russia, in spite of the pressure by the Allies, and especially England, to join Denikin. It is this refusal which causes the British military representatives to consider the Georgians inclined to Bolshevism, though the Georgian Government has always crushed any Bolshevik attempt in the country as well as beaten back by force of arms all Russian Bolshevik attacks on the frontier. The British military people here continue to bear a grudge, and treat the Georgians with suspicion and disdain, forgetting that they are dealing with a nation of an old Christian civilization, among whom English literature, science, and English constitutional institutions are known and admired. Happily the stay of the British Civil Chief Commissioner Wardrop, who is well acquainted with the country, did much to lessen the tension, and restore the sympathy and trust in Great Britain and British fair play which the attitude of the military had done all in its power to destroy. A few examples may be given.

In last March the British Commander in Batum, General Cook-Colless, allowed the municipal elections to take place, but when from the thirty-two members returned twenty-four were Georgians, he refused to allow

the members to sit, and the town administration continues to be in the hands of Russians of the old *régime*; consequently, municipal and economic life is in full disorganization. Especially since Denikin's retreat, Batum is filled with reactionary Russian elements.

Everything is done to hamper the movements and activity of Georgians; even the official Georgian representative in Constantinople, on his journey to Tiflis, was forced to submit his luggage and papers to be searched by the old Russian officials, the mortal enemies of independent Georgia, who now serve under General Cook-Coliss.

All these vexations could be borne by the Georgians, as they know that Batum and the Batum province is pure Georgian, and therefore sooner or later will be joined to the mother country in accordance with the wishes of the population so often expressed in meetings and conferences, were it not for the anti-Georgian propaganda carried on by Pan-Islamic and Bolshevik agitators under the eyes of the British local authorities.

When the Allied troops leave the occupied territory they will bequeath to the Georgian Government a Batum the fortresses of which are being razed, open to an attack by any Russian or Turkish force, with a strong Russian reactionary element which, in its hostility to Georgia, will willingly yield to the Bolsheviks if they in Batum should join forces with the Pan-Islamists and repeat the events of Baku.

On the East, Georgia has as a neighbor Bolshevik Pan-Islamic Azerbaijan, against whose Russian army only a few weeks ago it had to send all its manhood just at the moment when agriculture required their labor. No help, no advice, was forthcoming from the Allies in this defensive anti-Bolshevik war. Nevertheless, this fight has been successfully liquidated, and Soviet Russia and Azerbaijan have recognized Georgia within its historical frontiers. But again a dark cloud is arising from the west, where the British have complacently allowed the Pan-Islamic propaganda and arming against Georgia to proceed; the Allies are leaving Batum disorganized and defenceless; they are leaving Georgia to face the complications and hostility their policy has created with two powerful movements: Pan-Islamism and Bolshevism. Georgia wants to remain outside both, in order to continue its political and social reorganization. Cannot British public opinion assert itself and insist that fair treatment should be meted out to a people whose only crime consists in having refused to take part in foreign intervention in Russia, a policy now condemned by the overwhelming majority of the British nation itself?

Tiflis, June 20th, 1920.

"X."

Letters to the Editor.

THE RELIGIOUS TEMPER OF THE BOLSHEVIKS.

SIR,—I may be hypercritical, but my eye was disturbed by the following sentence in Mr. Bertrand Russell's "Impressions of Bolshevik Russia": "In the course of a day's motoring in the neighborhood I saw enough cows to supply milk to the whole child population of Moscow, although what I had come to see was children's sanatoria, not farms." Knowing Mr. Russell's habit of precise truth, I must accept his statement; but at the same time I cannot believe that its boldness will increase confidence in his impressions as a whole. It may be a precise record, but to many it will appear to be only an approximation of statistics; for the ordinary man, even the ordinary farmer, who spent a week in a market town, would find it no easy matter to gauge the amount of milk required for the sustenance of its children, and still less easy to gauge by a survey the amount of milk produced in the district. It is not simplicity itself to gauge at sight the milk yield of the promiscuous head of cattle. One dairy cow can be quite deceptive, and the red guile of a Bolshevik dairy cow—

The ordinary man, therefore, may be excused a certain hesitation in believing that even a brilliant mathematician

can, in the course of a motor tour, gauge the milk supply of a whole district. Unfortunately, doubt, being a very active leaven, cannot fail to spread from the scrutiny of one detail through that of the whole narrative; and if the native of any country reads, with a doubting mind, analytical impressions of his country so impartial that his enemies comment on them with satisfaction, he will be inclined to regard them as an impertinence, especially if the conditions described are to him a matter of life and death, and not of pen and ink.

If I may refer to another point, whose discussion might before a settlement fill the Vatican—Mr. Robert Dell makes an equally bold statement, not in the matter of milk, but of religion. He first defines the Bolsheviks as Atheists, and then accuses them of excessive religion and too much faith. His paradox would be perhaps more intelligible to some of us if he also defined in further detail atheism and religion. A common-place observer of the Europe of the last six years can understand that since the civilized governments and their satrap churches had each in turn identified themselves with God and all His good points, the only course open to anybody who differed from their opinions, was in profession, at any rate, to leave God severely alone. One can understand that the Bolsheviks may call themselves Atheists under protest, even though atheism, as a Creed, may be beyond the limited conditions of the human mind. Mr. Dell's paradox becomes in so much more transparent. Does he then regard reason as the logos? Otherwise it would seem that the Bolsheviks are acting according to reason rather than faith. They are using every means to preserve that self, that ego, which is the *summum bonum* of the rationalist or man of reason. Faith, on the other hand, demands complete self-sacrifice alike for the sake of the individual and of the whole. Within our knowledge the demand was once fully satisfied. If the Bolsheviks had been more religious they would have been martyrs and not conquerors; they have ruined the greatest revolution in history through lack of religion, that is, through the exchange of suffering for retaliation. Although both intellectually and physically they will be pre-eminent in Europe and Asia, it is a poor compensation for the lost opportunity.

I should suspect that Lenin is a wiser and humbler man than one usually meets among celebrities, and that in spite of professed Marxism, he knows that the strength of Soviet Russia is not in her indomitable armies, and the strength even of the armies is not in their military equipment, but in what remains of the patience or suffering, the self-sacrifice endured for an ideal, which has lived for two hundred years in the Russian people. That was also the strength of the early Christian Communists. But, as it is, although Moscow is even already the centre of the world, it is the centre not of a new, but of the old world; for the lack of a last struggle for steadiness at the foot of the Cross. It is a vast tragedy, and scarcely a subject for touring impressions, however accurate they may attempt to be. For the part played in it by the West, which has worshipped from national lips and not from a heart of faith, its desire based on reason to preserve its self as something of the most vital consequence to the world, and its acquiescence in every vulgar and craven display of force, in order that the Russians should be diverted further into violence, for these things the West has incurred a debt of shame, which is beyond liquidation; and it is not pleasant to feel that in this new Hamlet one's own country should have shown so much skill in the part of Polonius.—Yours, &c.,

ROY MELDRUM.

169, Fulham Road, S.W. 3.

SIR,—You are to be congratulated upon the welcome articles which Mr. Bertrand Russell has just published in THE NATION. The letter, however, which Mr. Robert Dell has just written to you still further elucidates the perplexing question and throws a much needed light upon the root of the Bolshevik temperament, which is that of religious fanatics. Their so-called "atheism" proves nothing against their moral and mystical obsession, which Mr. Robert Dell rightly compares with that of the Puritans of the seventeenth and the Jacobins of the eighteenth century. Lenin, without a shadow of a doubt, is a progeny of Robespierre. He has most certainly forgotten his father's "creed," for Robespierre

was a deist and as such not given to atheism, which latter he called in one of his speeches an "aristocratic idea." But then Robespierre himself had no idea of his spiritual ancestorship: that of Savonarola, of Luther, of Johann von Leyden, who one and all lived in a theological age and consequently were still conscious of their close religious connections. We shall never understand the Bolsheviks, and consequently never succeed in mastering them, if we are unable to trace their mentality back to their ancestors, if we fail to recognize that with these newcomers old principles have come to life again and that—in spite of their professed atheism—they are at bottom religious people. The modern economical and educational camouflage of this religion will and must not deceive an experienced observer, nor does it make any difference that the apostles of this faith nowadays spread their gospel by interviews, wireless telegraphy, and leaflets from aeroplanes. The world has made progress—in technical matters.

I am not so sure about the other progress—the moral progress. Mr. Dell rightly and anxiously asks: "Shall we ever get a revolutionary movement led by men free from the religious temper, guided by reason and not by faith?" Not, I fear, before that faith has been thoroughly investigated, not, I am sure, before its values have been recognized as thoroughly destructive and anarchical.—Yours, &c.,

OSCAR LEVY,

Editor of the Authorized English Translation
of Nietzsche's Works.

Royal Societies Club, St. James's Street, S.W.
August 4th, 1920.

SIR,—I have the greatest possible respect and admiration for Mr. Dell, if for no reason than that, for his honesty, he was turned out of France by his fellow rationalist, M. Clemenceau. But I cannot help feeling that there is something lacking in his appreciation and definition of what he calls the "religious temper." At some future and fitting time, the Rationalist Press Association might care to arrange a discussion between Mr. Dell and M. Trotsky on the meaning of religion.

Mr. Dell seems to confuse "religion" with superstition, dogmatism, and intolerance; and "faith," seemingly, with M. Clemenceau, who struck Mr. Keynes as having no faith in anything, but merely an incurable and implacable scepticism. Unless my memory fails me utterly, Mr. Dell enjoys a simply magnificent faith in the value of truth and decency, and, for his faith, is prepared to make great personal sacrifices. To this he would possibly reply that he is not prepared to sacrifice others as is the "religious temper." It is here we encounter the influence of Mr. Dell's "second country," and echoes of Gambetta's "Clericalism is the enemy." No one can blame Mr. Dell for his impatience with the irreligion of the great organised churches; and it has become a classic error of the Gallic or Gallicized mind to confuse this irreligion with religion. I believe that Mr. Dell comes of a Quaker stock, and it is possible that he is suffering from a strong reaction against the faith of his ancestors: but can he find any resemblance between the religion of Pennington and Woolman and the harsh dogmatism of Clemenceau and Lenin? What does Mr. Dell make of the "religious temper" (to use his phrase) of Francis of Assisi and Richard Rolle or William Blake? He may rob words of all meaning by contending that these men were not religious and had no faith. He may hunt a paradox so far as to declare that Jesus was, *malgré lui*, a rationalist and, happily, faithless.

Is it not really true that it is the lack of faith which makes Jacobins, Bolsheviks, Calvinists, and M. Clemenceau turn to the guillotine, the dictatorship of the proletariat, the stake, or General Foch? The fool says in his heart, "There is no God. Give me something reliable—a dogma or a dictatorship." And, as a result, the world suffers.

May I suggest to Mr. Dell that, as in this August is the bi-centenary of the birth of John Woolman, he should follow the advice of Lamb and "get the Journal of John Woolman by heart"? It might acquaint him more intimately with the meaning of faith and the religious temper.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD G. SMITH.

THE YORKSHIRE TWEED CLOTH REPORT.

SIR,—From the references to the Yorkshire Tweed Cloth Report in the opening notes of your issue of July 31st, it would appear that your writer has either misinterpreted or not read the original report. Might I say in the first place that the report was unanimously agreed by the Sub-Committee, consisting of representatives of employers and trade unions in the textile trade, of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, and officers of the Ministry of Food and the Board of Trade? The motion for its submission to the Board of Trade for publication was moved by Mr. Ben Turner, President of the National Association of Unions in the Textile Trade.

I have no wish to refer to any expression of opinion on the document but only to matters of fact, and would point out that:—

(1) The statement that the Committee have reckoned income-tax and super-tax on reserves so that "if the poor manufacturer chooses to leave a portion of his profits in his business for his own benefit he ought not to be asked to count that sum as profits" is incorrect and wholly misleading.

(2) Whilst investigating the percentage rate of profit on sales, as instructed under the Profiteering Acts, the Committee have in every case given the corresponding figures in £ s. d., quoting not only cost, sale-price, and profit per yard of cloth, but also the total trading results of the firms concerned.

(3) As mentioned in the report, the Government profit on raw wool arises from the fact that its Wool Purchase Agreement with Australasia compels it to realize world market prices, which, incidentally, it cannot control. In the case of the £6 6s. suit which you quote, the British Government raw wool profit is about 1s., which added to the 2s. 10d. taxation per suit mentioned in the report gives a total of under 4s. Your note refers to these sums as "two enormous profits" taken by the Government out of ready-made suits.

The report will, I understand, be published within a few days' time as a White Paper, and will be obtainable through any bookseller or from the various branches of the Stationery Office. I hope that you will not only publish this letter but advise your readers to read the original report for themselves.—Yours, &c.,

E. F. HITCHCOCK,

Chairman of the Tweed Cloth Sub-Committee.
London. August 3rd, 1920.

[Comment No. 1 in this letter concerns what is a matter of opinion. Comment No. 2 is unnecessary, since our criticism did not raise that point. Comment No. 3 depends upon what is an "enormous profit" for the Government to take. We think still that £882,000 taken as E.P.D. out of the profit of eight firms with aggregate sales of £7,449,000 is an "enormous" tax on clothes.

Mr. Hitchcock prefers to split this sum up into the amount per suit, as though that really made it any smaller. But even if we take the basis of comparison, 3s. 10d. per suit must be an "enormous profit" for the Government to take for doing nothing when on the Sub-Committee's own figures the amount of profit retainable per suit by the manufacturer who made the cloth was only 1s.

We certainly hope this report will be widely read, though it gives no data as to the Government profits on wool.—ED., NATION.]

GENERAL DYER AND THE SIKHS.

SIR,—As accredited agents of the Sikh community here we cannot let the statements published regarding General Dyer and the Sikhs go unchallenged. General Dyer could not have been "made Sikh," as he claims, without abjuring Christianity, which he does not seem to have done. Despite what the Viscount Finlay stated in the House of Lords, "putting a slender armlet on the wrist of a person" neither makes him a Sikh nor is it recognized in the Sikh Church as an "investiture" of honor. The Golden Temple where General Dyer claims to have been so invested, be it remembered, is entirely managed by a nominee of the Punjab Government, and surely no martial law administrator can feel proud of any "honor" conferred upon him under such auspices while martial law was still supreme. We are in a position to say that no public body of the Sikh community

conferred any honor on General Dyer, and it is a sheer perversion of facts to say that the offer of the Sikhs to serve against the Afghans was due to their love for General Dyer and appreciation of his services at the Jallianwala Bagh rather than to their military instinct and inherent loyalty to their King.—Yours, &c.,

SEWARAM SINGH,
SHIVDEV SINGH,
SOHAN SINGH,
UJJAL SINGH. } Members of the Sikh
Deputation.

August 3rd, 1920.

THE DISTURBANCES IN THE PUNJAB.

SIR,—It is stated in the latest issue of THE NATION with reference to the disturbances in the Punjab "it is not accurate to say that in no case were the mobs the first to kill. In Kasur a crowd beat two soldiers to death and though the soldiers fired first in self-defence and wounded one of the crowd, they did not kill." I am not sure that you are right. The Congress report, it is true, makes no reference to death at all, and from their report it does not appear whether the mob was excited to fury by the death of one of their number or from any other cause, though I admit that the report leaves on one the impression that they had no provocation whatever as at Amritsar. All we know on this point is as follows. A mob which was laboring under the excitement caused by the events at Amritsar attacked the train which was coming from Ferozepore to Kasur in which there were many Europeans; and amongst them were Mr. A. J. Sherbourne, Mrs. Sherbourne and her children, Mallet, and conductor Selby. The Sherbournes and their children took refuge in the gate-keeper's hut, and the evidence that has been given in the various inquiries refer mainly to what took place there. Two of the Europeans, Mallet and Selby, remained in the train, while the others had left it, as they had firearms with them, and considered therefore themselves safe. When the train was taken to the platform of the station they got out and were eventually killed at the station. They used their firearms, very probably in self-defence against the crowd. What the effect of it was we have no direct evidence, but it is stated by the Sherbournes that while at the gate-keeper's hut they heard some persons in the mob telling the others that at the station two of their men had been killed, and from that moment the crowd became excited and their position in the hut became precarious. It seems to be fairly probable therefore that at Kasur also it was the death of their men as elsewhere that infuriated the mob. At any rate, there is nothing whatever to justify the assertion that no Indians were killed there, and that the murder of these two men at the station was not occasioned by their killing the Indians as was reported at the time of the incident in the presence of the two Sherbournes.—Yours, &c.,

LOYAL INDIAN.

A CORRECTION.

SIR,—In the July 31st issue of THE NATION (page 543, column 2) it is said:—

"This torn and bleeding earth is calling to-day for the help of the America of Abraham Lincoln." This sentence from Mr. Elihu Root's oration at the presentation of the Lincoln statue seems ironic enough if we put it beside the speech made by Senator Harding," &c., &c.

I am sure this is an error due to oversight and not to intention, but the fact is that the words you attribute to Mr. Root were really used by Mr. Lloyd George and were the concluding words of his speech of acceptance of the Lincoln statue, and have been construed by many as a covert dig at President Wilson. Be that as it may, Mr. Root did not use the words you place in his mouth, hence the reasoning in the note in "Events of the Week" falls.—Yours, &c.,

BEN. K. RALEIGH.

VIENNA RELIEF FUND.

| | £ | s. | d. |
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| Amount already acknowledged in THE NATION | 1,443 | 19 | 6 |
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| R. de L. C. | 1 | 17 | 2 |
| | £1,455 | 16 | 8 |

Poetry

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

OVERRUN with hemlock,
Over-arched by lime,
Lies the crumbling cottage,
Victim of old Time.

Through the flint wall passing,
Reach the open grate.
Here on winter evenings
Grandfathers sate.

Here they read their Bibles,
Heard of war in Spain;
Rugged with their lifelong
Reaping of the grain.

Here the girls grew comely,
Labored long and late,
Till hard wedlock took them
To another state.

Here the maiden longing,
Here the boyhood dream,
Girded at the harness
Of the master's team.

Up the breakneck staircase
Crept the wedded wife,
Lay and took the bitter
Full fruits of life.

This low raftered ceiling
Held her glazing eyes
When the pangs of childbirth
Spoiled love's paradise.

Down she crept, child-weary,
Still afraid to rest;
Labored in the meadows,
Fever in her breast.

At last, with twisted body,
To the home she kept;
Watched with fear her daughters
Growing love-adept.

From this door her son went,
Lured by Glory's lie;
For nobody's quarrel
In strange lands to die.

Here the rheumatism
Gripped her man at last;
And the workhouse spectre
Loomed above them vast.

Underneath the lintel
Hunger found a way,
Hemlock in the garden
Strengthened day by day.

Gratitude of master
Passed the cottage by;
Winter followed winter,
Bared the roof to sky.

Grassmounds in the churchyard;
Obscure beds of sleep.
By the silent threshold
Graze the master's sheep.

Overrun with hemlock,
Over-arched with lime,
Lies the crumbling cottage,
Victim of old Time.

RICHARD CHURCH.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"On the Art of Reading." Lectures delivered in the University of Cambridge, 1916-1917. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. (Cambridge University Press. 15s.)

"Translations from Lucretius." By R. C. Trevelyan. (Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d.)

"The Norwich School." Special number of "The Studio." 10s. 6d. and 15s.

* * *

I TRY Pickwick on an average every eighteen months and have done so for at least fourteen years. There is a tale of the late Canon Rawnaley that he climbed some hazardous mountain to remove a poster advertisement of its charms, but it would surely not be inappropriate to have a special tablet erected over the tomb of Dickens to the effect that we (the English-speaking race) have found the "Pickwick Papers" a sovereign cure-all, that it dissipates all doubts, dumps, disappointments, and disillusiones, that it suits all constitutions and all complaints, and that successive applications of it over generations only increase its health-giving properties and potencies. This, indeed, is the unique heritage of the "Pickwick Papers," that it is a prophecy of the complete integration of the human race, quite apart from the fact that it is the final corroboration of our being the chosen race, since it is written in English. The test of the human pariah is that he cannot read Pickwick, and a proof of the validity of progress that most men can and many more will.

* * *

SINCE men share Pickwick as they do light, air, and the senses, it is an impossible kind of book to write about. We take it for granted, and it is a wonderful thing that it is one of the very few phenomena of life that the most savage commercial exploitation, the most obtuse statesmanship, the most pretentious humbug, the worst utilitarianism, and the crudest violence positively cannot destroy. In a few years it may be the fashion for women to wear wreaths of babies' fingers round their hats, and we shall have hard work to prevent the extermination of infants. But if every volume of every edition of Pickwick were pulped to stuff sofa cushions with or for the great curl-paper industry (a quite possible and indeed logical event), yet Pickwick would remain as real to almost everybody who can read as the *Atlantosaurus* was to Cuvier and Sir Richard Owen. Our age seems to have a kind of grudge against the gracious and pleasant things of life; it pores over death, and the air of graveyards smells wooingly to it. But there is no boiling down the Fat Boy to make a face-cream, no waxworking to be done with Mr. Weller Senior, no whitewashing with Dodson and Fogg. There they all are as imperishably large as life. And it is as impossible to analyze the imperturbable immortality of the "Pickwick Papers," beaming out over the world through all human storms and darkness, as it is to analyze it. All we can say is that it possesses something of the inexhaustible fecundity and insurgence of earth, of the impetus and multiplicity and toughness of life, its persistence and abundance of power, and that it is curiously generalized in character, striding massively along under the broad heavens. It is a chunk of literary radium, pouring out heat rays and streaming light which can penetrate the thickest metal, and can make even our dull selves radio-active while we are under its influence. Its gigantic creativeness brushes literary criticism aside as an elephant the grasses in its path.

* * *

PICKWICK'S spell over us is the more wonderful, since it is a mass of archaism. It is stuck all over with vestigial remains, almost as much as Rabelais, its only near neighbor in a foreign tongue. Its fainting females are as strange to us now as Mr. Pickwick sleeping off his drunken stupor in the wheelbarrow in the pound. One is inclined to think that the only modern thing about it is its journalese, especially that prelude and carrying off the it-was-a-dark-and-stormy-night stories in which I confess to getting mired before I have waded ten lines. The sense of antiquity is, indeed, hardly disturbed throughout the book, from the palæolithic

cricket match between All-Muggleton and Dingley Dell to the Fleet Prison. We should feel properly upset if Mr. Pickwick and his bodyguard had started their travels in a motor-bus. The truth is that it all happened thousands and thousands of years ago, because it never happened. At Dingley Dell our heroes are Homeric, if only because of the mountains of food and rivers of drink they consume, but yet Dingley Dell is as romantic an embodiment of visionary hopes and desires as Beulah, New Atlantis, Cockaigne, and the Abbey of Thelema. It is a Valhalla of banqueting gods with Mr. Pickwick in the rôle of Balder. When that earth-worm realist Mr. Blotton (of Aldgate) commits the unparalleled and unmitigated blasphemy of calling Mr. Pickwick a humbug, the fury of indignation which his vile slander arouses soon brings him to confess that he used the word only in a Pickwickian sense, and none of the privileged who explore this magical world can understand it unless they realize that the "Pickwick Papers" are Pickwickian. The charge against Dickens that his great figures are caricature is dull enough outside Pickwick; inside, it is oafish, for the world of Pickwick is not as our world, but the celestial one we hear in the thunder of its heroes' feet tramping its floor. If there can be a definition for this huge creation of a teeming imaginative mind, I should call the "Pickwick Papers" an epical fantasy, as much fantasy as "Alice in Wonderland."

* * *

It is all the more extraordinary then that we should be so perfectly at home in this dream-life and on such intimate terms with its inhabitants that we are familiar with their every gesture and intonation. We know to a hair the way they move and say things, and there is no better test of the livingness of a novel. There is another thing. We have all heard over and over again that art must have nothing to do with morality, and never the twain must meet. They are congenital incompatibles, a very Stiggins and a Weller in each other's company. But when we leave the art office and go on the spree with the "Pickwick Papers," we are at once plunged into a hotbed of propaganda. There is no end of it—propaganda against lawyers, against prisons, against the corruption of Parliamentary elections, against celebrity hunting, and so on in the concrete, and against pomposity, fraud, meanness, hypocrisy, cruelty, cant, stinginess, female malice, callousness, and uncharitableness in the abstract. Mr. Pickwick himself is a walking tract and poor Jingle a moral fable, and the author of their being makes no bones about dotting the "i's" and crossing the "t's." There is a story that Charlotte Brontë complained of the "Ancient Mariner" to Coleridge on the ground that there was no moral in it, and Coleridge replied that what was wrong with it was that there was too much. Dickens might have said the same thing more intelligibly about his "Pickwick Papers." Nor does this moral element stick out of the book like those terrible Christmassy tales in it; it is an integral part of it, slapped into its structure with no finikin hand. Yet a fantasy it remains, a vast Gothic church of towering imagination, speckled all over with delightful devils and boisterous saints. It is said of the "Pickwick Papers," on the other hand, that it romanticizes the good old days and makes them like a title-page of Pears' Annual. But if there is a red fire from the Yule logs there are no red coats, and it is remarkable how different Dickens is from Fielding in this respect. Both expose the same stratum of society and both use much the same kind of tools, but the brutality in Fielding is totally absent from Dickens, though Allworthy and Pickwick, Squire Western and Mr. Wardle, and even Bliffl and Stiggins are coined out of the same mint.

* * *

If the "Pickwick Papers" is not art, as we moderns understand it, and it came to a choice between them, I fancy that Mr. Pickwick would top the poll. For we make a great mistake in growing narrower as we grow older. The artistic and the moral elements never were nor will be opposable, and true progress lies in the evolution of our methods of fusing them, not in making tribal gods of each of them separately. Our specializations make us the slaves of labels. But the beauty of the "Pickwick Papers" is its unclassifiableness; it grew out of the mind of a man like a landscape out of the earth, whose bountiful all we accept and absorb with a thankfulness beyond demur and a content beyond words.

H. J. M.

Reviews

WREATHS OF VINE LEAVES.

"Notes on a Cellar-Book." By GEORGE SAINTSBURY.
(Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

THAT it is wine that maketh glad the heart of man is a saying so well-established by authority, and so richly warranted by experience, that not even a Prohibitionist dare assail it, though a morose philosophy of life may growl that such a being as man, in any such a world as this, is never entitled, even after dinner, to be glad at heart.

It is contemptibly easy to be gloomy, even outside the precincts of St. Paul's Churchyard, for as all the cards lie face upwards on the table the veriest tyro may hope to win the trick. But easy as it is, cheerfulness, as the well-worn anecdote narrates, comes breaking in, obeying, I suppose, some natural instinct; else why do kittens, though born after the Great War, continue to run after their tails? Man, it is true, has lost his tail, but will probably be found, to the end of the chapter, running after whatever substitute he can discover, invent, or distil.

Here, at all events, within the covers of two hundred and twenty brisk pages, a most learned Professor of Literature, with any number of grave books to his credit in the Catalogue of the British Museum, is to be seen running after his tail whilst he discourses, with the happiest mixture of the vinous and the literary flavors, upon the "bottled sunshine" of far-off summers which it has been his good fortune to consume (with the assistance of his friends) in the years that are no more.

It has long been an agreeable rumor circulated over the wine-cups of the *litterati* that Mr. Saintsbury was engaged upon a "History of Wine," but we are now told that this great theme has been abandoned, for reasons given on the tenth page of the preface, reasons which I have not the heart to transcribe, though recognizing their force. In the small volume, just to hand, are to be found some of the "Notes and Reminiscences" which, in other circumstances, might have been interwoven into a larger and more authoritative work.

"It is sometimes forgotten," writes Mr. Saintsbury in the last paragraph of his preface, "that only one of the two peaks of Parnassus was sacred to Apollo, the other belonging to Dionysus." "The present writer," so he proceeds, "has spent much of his life in doing his best, as he could not produce things worthy of Phebus, to celebrate and expound them. It cannot be altogether unfitting that he should, before dropping his pen, pay such literary respects as he may to the other sovereign of the duplicate horn."

This is well, if too modestly, said, and certainly no living man is better equipped for the feat of leaping from one peak of Parnassus to the other than the author of these "Notes on a Cellar-Book." Thackeray, Peacock, Trollope, Dickens are here to be found in close juxtaposition with claret, Burgundy, port, and Madeira. Nay, even a particular tap of beer (because brewed in Lincolnshire) inspires a note to the effect that though Mr. Saintsbury has always thought Tennyson's "The Dying Swan" one of its author's greatest things, and one of the champion examples of pure poetry in English literature, he yet never heard the "eddy song" that flooded:—

"The creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank.
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,"

until he saw these things in the neighborhood where the beer was brewed!

"In my journalistic days," says our Cellarer in one of the autobiographical notes that add a bouquet of their own to his main subject, "I was once complimented by an editor as possessing an unusual variety of 'jackets,' literary, political, philosophical, culinary, and even theological." It did not require great editorial discernment to recognize the extent and variety of Mr. Saintsbury's critical wardrobe. Many a now sober-sided, elderly gentleman has received in his day "a jacketing" (particularly were he suspected of having Gladstonian proclivities) from the vigorous pen of

our author. But time mellows other things besides wine, and in these "Notes" Mr. Saintsbury may be discovered breathing a prayer for the repose of the soul of W. E. G., on the double score of his undoubted devotion to Scott and the fact that he once, when in the full swing of a financial statement, kept the House of Commons, anxious to know the worst, waiting for the space of at least three minutes whilst he told it what *Mumm* was!

To attempt to pass anything like a formal verdict on so intimate, friendly, and, in places, so whimsical and pathetic a little book as this would be absurd, and even were it possible the present reviewer is not entitled to be sworn in as a juror, for he is a home-brewed article. Indeed, if the truth is to be told, it was not until the tenth chapter, pleasingly entitled "Beer and Cider," had been reached, that his true critical faculties became fairly aroused. On claret and Burgundy he felt abroad, and murmured Arnold's lines:—

"But hardly have we, for one little hour
Been on our own line, have we been ourselves!"

But when it came to beer it was different—he was then on his own line, for he, too, no less than Mr. Saintsbury, had drunk beer at St. David's, and also (several times) when on the track of George Borrow (as good a judge of beer as any author) at Bala, and indeed, at many other places, most of which are mentioned in Leland's famous itinerary in nine octavo volumes.

Still, though more sure of my ground on beer and cider, I have occasionally sat "at good men's feasts" and helped them to empty a Jeroboam, though never, so narrow have been my fortunes, a Rehoboam of champagne, and also feel myself partially qualified to express, under my breath, an opinion upon even that touchstone of the palate, claret; but not out loud and still less in print.

On whiskeys Mr. Saintsbury is entitled to be heard with bent head and the closest attention, for he speaks "of the forty-five years since he began to study whiskey." On the lips of so learned a man the word "study" has a real significance. Whiskey and its admixture whiskey-toddy are in the minds and memories of many honest pedestrians so movingly associated with past adventures as hardly to bear writing about.

The first glass of "toddy" I ever drank was far back in the 'sixties, at the Highland inn which, though much changed, still bears the name of Baillie Nicol Jarvie. My companion and I had spent the day, a Sunday and a dripping one, on Ben Lomond, and had descended from the hill in the dusk wet to the skin to spend the night at the hostelry, where on our arrival, in our ignorance and necessity, we demanded brandy. An old Scot who heard the order intervened—supervened, I should have written—saying, "Young men! You are in Scotland," and mixed for us, with his own skilful hands, two steaming tumblers. We drank the compound, and both our lives were at once saved and transformed. Mr. Saintsbury has his own reminiscence under the head of whiskey. "A friend of mine from Oxford days, now dead, held some mixed Clyneish and Glenlivet of mine to be the best whiskey he had ever drunk."

In laying down, as we must, these Notes, it cannot be denied that, agreeable as they are, that most familiar of all strains to mortal ears, the strain of melancholy, is to be overheard whispering through the keyholes of Mr. Saintsbury's cellars. But never mind! Even melancholy, if well-selected, and well kept, and produced on the right occasions, has a delicious flavor all its own.

A. B.

THE BEGINNING OF EMPIRE IN INDIA.

"Dupleix and Clive: The Beginning of Empire." By HENRY DODWELL, M.A. (Oxon.), F.R.Hist.S., Curator of the Madras Record Office. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

UNPUBLISHED materials, lying *perdu* at the India Office, in the archives of the Colonial Ministry at Paris, and at Pondicherry, have been laboriously ransacked for this admirable book, which is a monument of painstaking effort. Yet, somehow, the narrative does not seem complete. Mr. Dodwell embarks upon the familiar endeavor to show

why it was that the Frenchman failed, and the Englishman succeeded, in creating an Empire in India. But surely the history of those times is not entirely made up of intrigues and counterplots, battles and sieges, murders and reprisals. The great defect of Sir George Forrest's biography of Clive is that the people of India scarcely come into the picture. Mr. Dodwell falls into the same error. Indeed, the only recent book upon the period in which an attempt is made to describe the condition of India at the time, is the excellent work in which Miss Monckton Jones discusses the early years of Warren Hastings' administration of Bengal.

Unhappily, also, Mr. Dodwell's style is not altogether free from heaviness. This is the more to be regretted because the story which he has to tell is crammed with incident. Within the short space of twenty-one years (1744 to 1765) the English in India passed from the lowest depths of adversity to the summit of triumph. Madras surrendered to La Bourdonnais in 1746. The Governor of Fort St. George was then Nicholas Morse, and the irony of fate was never better exemplified than when it condemned this descendant of Cromwell and of Ireton to march with the members of his council in humiliating procession through the streets of Pondicherry. A succession of fortunate strokes followed, whereby Dupleix made himself the virtual master of the Deccan and set up a creature of his own on the throne of the Carnatic. The English in Bengal fared no better. Fort William capitulated to Siraj-ud-daula in 1756, and the chiefs of the Calcutta factory were either carried into captivity or left to await a deliverer in the fever-stricken swamps of Fulta. In the course of a few months, however, the wheel began to revolve, and by 1765 British arms were in the ascendant everywhere. Pondicherry and Chandernagore were in ruins, the influence of the English over the Deccan and the Carnatic was firmly established, their hold over Bengal was assured beyond all question, and the Nawabs, both at Arcot and at Moorshedabad, were their pensioners.

It is customary to look upon the "crowning mercy" of Plassey as the climax of this astounding series of achievements. The odds against Clive were something like twenty to one; and no one will deny him the tribute which is his due. But it is difficult to avoid agreement with Sir Alfred Lyall, who describes Plassey as a rout, and with Sir James Stephen, who maintains that the battle of Buxar, which was fought seven years later, enjoys a more substantial claim to be regarded as the origin of British power in India. Mr. Dodwell makes no allusion to either of these pronouncements, but both of them can appeal to facts in their support. The struggle at Buxar was fiercely contested; whereas at Plassey the only opposition which deserved the name proceeded from a small group of Frenchmen in Siraj-ud-daula's service. Munro at Buxar lost 847 killed and wounded, while the enemy left 2,000 dead upon the field. Clive's casualty list amounted to 23 killed and wounded, and the enemy's losses, out of an army of 60,000, did not exceed 1,000 in all. Finally, it was not merely the Nawab of Bengal, as at Plassey, but the Emperor Shah Alam and his titular Prime Minister, the Wazir of Oudh, who were overthrown at Buxar.

The sudden collapse of Dupleix was due to the fact that he was too ambitious. He had more white soldiers than Clive at his command from first to last, as Mr. Dodwell proves, in contradiction to the accepted version; but he dissipated his forces. His one officer of real merit (after the death of Paradis) was Bussy, and he was at Hyderabad when he should have been available to turn the scale against the English at Trichinopoly. The opportunity came to Clive, and he took it, profiting by the lessons which his adversaries taught him. In his transactions with Mir Jafar, the reflex is distinctly apparent of Bussy's career in the Deccan. Like Dupleix in the Carnatic, he retained in Bengal all the forms as well as all the abuses of the Nawab's government. No other course was, indeed, open to either of them. Whatever might be the drawbacks of the dual system, neither the French nor the English were yet intimate with the intricacies of Indian administration, and the

day had not arrived when a purely trading company could stand forth openly as the paramount power. Direct responsibility was therefore avoided. Administrative control remained in the hands of the Nawab's servants, and followed the traditional methods. Clive was content to pull the strings in Bengal from behind the throne, and, with more wisdom than Dupleix, put from him all thoughts of pushing on to Delhi.

Commercial interests, in a word, reigned supreme, and policy was compounded of a strange admixture of public and private motives. The acquisition of money, whether for the individual or for the Company, was the lure. "All who go to the Deccan make immense fortunes," wrote a French surgeon from Pondicherry in 1752. The example thus afforded was not neglected by the English in Bengal, which was incomparably wealthier. Mr. Dodwell seeks to exculpate Clive by reminding moralists that he was not alone in yielding to temptation. Besides Dupleix and Bussy, he would have them remember that Admiral Watson quarrelled angrily with those who denied him a share of the loot from Moorshedabad. Clive, therefore, who had already made one fortune as Commissary-General in Madras and squandered it, was no worse than his fellows because, when he returned to England for the second time, he was, as Walpole put it, "all over estates and diamonds." Moreover, if he enriched himself, he did not forget to enrich his employers also.

There is less casuistry about Mr. Dodwell's treatment of the notorious episode of the *loll coggedge*, or spurious treaty on red paper, to which Clive ordered young Lushington to affix the signature of Watson in order to deceive Omichand, the shifty Sikh merchant whom the English, for some inscrutable reason, were using as their intermediary with Siraj-ud-daula. This is properly, if mildly, denounced as "a regrettable expedient." At the same time, the forgery itself receives only casual mention in a footnote, and is there summarily dismissed as "being immaterial one way or the other." To most people this feature will appear among the worst in a discreditable transaction. If they condone the offence, it will be because they recognize that, with all his faults, Clive was essentially a man of ability and capacity. British dominion in India dropped into his hands as an over-ripe pear drops from a tree; and it is to his everlasting credit that before he sailed from Calcutta for the last time, at the end of January, 1767, to be questioned like a sheep stealer by a corrupt House of Commons, he had laid the foundations of a system which gave promise of better things. A beginning was made by him towards establishing a reasonable scale of official salaries, and the principle was established that servants of the Company must look to the Company for their reward. Henceforth it was the merchant and the lawyer who shook what was left of the pagoda-tree.

H. E. A. C.

THE RUNNING SANDS.

"Christian Freedom." Hulsean Lectures, 1918-19. By F. E. HUTCHINSON, M. A. (Oxon. and Cantab.), formerly Chaplain of King's College, and Lecturer of Magdalene College, Cambridge. (Macmillan. 5s.)

This frank and very spiritual book is one of the signs of the times. In 1777 John Hulse left certain rents to be paid yearly

"to such learned and ingenious clergyman in the said university of the degree of Master of Arts, for the preaching of twenty sermons, the subjects of which discourses shall be as followeth . . . To show the evidence for Revealed Religion, and to demonstrate in the most convincing and persuasive manner the truth and excellence of Christianity, so as to include not only the prophecies and miracles, general and particular, but also any other proper and useful arguments . . . and chiefly against notorious infidels, whether atheists or deists; not descending to any particular sects or controversies (so much to be lamented) amongst Christians themselves, except some new or dangerous error either of superstition or enthusiasm, as of Popery or Methodism or the like, either in opinion or practice shall prevail."

When, in 1893, the future Bishop Creighton close *Persecution* for his subject, it would already have been difficult for John Hulse to recognize the preacher of his choice; and the last

quarter of a century has shown a still more rapid process of evolution.

Mr. Hutchinson, after academic experience both at Oxford and at Cambridge, undertook the cure of a great North-country parish. He came up again to Cambridge for the Hulsean Lectures with a more varied outlook than many of his predecessors, and more experience of practical life in all its aspects. In earnestness, he may certainly challenge comparison with them; and his message is practically summed up in two sentences from his Preface: "The sands are running out. The new reformation is already overdue." These words gain emphasis from the author's evident unwillingness to write them. He has surveyed his ground, and not in one direction only; he has too much self-control for despair, and too much charity to threaten where persuasion might be more effective. These five addresses breathe the spirit of consideration and conciliation; the door is left open for compromise wherever compromise is possible; but the author has reluctantly decided that, on certain points, compromise is forbidden both by clear thought and by honest practice. Ministers of Christ's word cannot continue indefinitely to pledge themselves—were it only tacitly and negatively, and were it possible to avoid the appearance of more explicit assent—to formulæ which were natural enough three hundred years ago, though some were a trifle threadbare even then. At all costs, the clergy must be delivered from the body of this death; better even to have no clergy at all, than to have clergy who are precluded *ex officio* from thinking or speaking for themselves. If the worst should come to the worst, these bonds must be cut with the same knife which Bishop Thirlwall applied to the contention that we must choose, at our universities, between compulsory religion and no religion at all. "My powers of logical analysis," replied the Bishop, "are not equal to grasping the distinction upon which that argument is based"; and it is plain that Mr. Hutchinson would take a similar point of view.

Yet, as we have said, equally evident is the reluctance with which he has been driven to this last resort. He has thought for himself, and has taken ripe counsel with many writers of real weight, living or dead. By sympathy he is conservative; there is not a shade of flippancy to disturb the reverence due to all that is best in the past, nor any tinge of bitterness towards contemporaries who disagree with him; if his words are deeply disquieting, this is partly because they are so unprovocative. If at one moment he quotes Locke against the numbing effect of dead conventions, in the next sentence he finds equally plain support from the saintly and orthodox William Law; presently, we find a sentence of his own which could not have been better expressed even by Locke or Law: "The hope of Christianity is that Christ himself does not disappoint; the warning to the Church is that it is not Christian enough to attract those who are already attracted to Christ." A writer who feels this so deeply is naturally attracted by the remarkable books in which Mr. Claude Montefiore, from a frankly Jewish standpoint, has discussed the earlier Christian records with such generous sympathy as few men can find for other men's creeds. Here Mr. Hutchinson, for his part, is in sympathy—rather than agreement; but this reciprocal sympathy will, to many minds, more than redeem some of the melancholy things which our author confesses and deplores. It more than redeems the lack of outward union among Christians, who, after all, may console themselves by the reflection that in theology, as in biology, subdivision may be the most effective means of reproduction, and the most definite pledge of continued life. One weakness, however, still remains unredeemed; "the one grace which the Church never seems to reach is veracity." The words are Martineau's; but the author makes them his own; and on this point the difference between Church and Church is so nearly proportionate to the rigidity or the laxity of their traditional formulæ, that Mr. Hutchinson's book brings us back inevitably to the eternal problem of religious formulæ and ecclesiastical endowments; we wonder for the thousandth time how we can get on with them, or how we can get on without them. Perhaps it is a problem which can only be solved slowly; but certainly such a book as this, with its rare combination of frankness and reverence, brings us one step nearer to the end.

THE ACTIVE VEGETABLE.

"Life and Work of Sir Jagadis C. Bose." By Professor PATRICK GEDDES. (Longmans. 16s.)

If we could sense the garden with perceptions as much above microscope and microphone as these are above our unaided faculties, which after all is no more than to perceive the garden as it is, what a revelation it would be. The runner bean, groping with growing impatience for a stick, desiring to climb as does the squirrel when it finds its tree. The impatient poppy, throwing off its green extinguisher, would set its silken sails with all the eagerness and more than the trepidation of a Cowes yacht. The snapdragons would be like a row of vendors in Columbia market vying for the trade of the humble-bees, each trembling with joy when it got a customer. We should see the rustle of pain and indignation, or at any rate shock, that goes through every fibre of a plant attacked by a caterpillar; and perhaps hear a sigh of relief when a bird removes the offending gourmand. Just as we see the little bees playing in thousandfold clouds before the hives at the zenith of the day, so we should see the little weeds gleefully flapping their cotyledon leaves for the first time in the sun before settling down to strenuous chemical work.

We should see the whole garden responding positively and negatively to influences that we cannot ourselves perceive. It does not need a black cloud, a white cloud, a wisp of a vapor perceptible to us, to evoke response in the tissues of a plant. A wandering touch of carbon dioxide of which we can have not the slightest suspicion causes in the plant increase of growth, not next week, but in the next second of time. Electric waves far below our perception travel wirelessly to the plant, and are acknowledged as though with a shout. If we came into the garden by night, we should find it for the most part asleep. Our footsteps might waken some of the lightest sleepers, whose pulses would quicken for a time, then resume the tempo of somnolence. The slugs and snails that are so active by night are perhaps the vampires of the vegetable world, only able to feed on tissue at a low vitality. Possibly the healthy plant fully awake has a means of defeating the slug, not by preparation beforehand, as with the oxalic-acid-secreting daffodil, but by instantaneous reaction. Perhaps our nightly footfall saves an aster by awakening it to the knowledge that the stealthy mollusc has begun the attack. Perhaps the clover finds that it has folded its leaves not towards the coldest wind, and it turns in its half-sleep and readjusts the blanket.

When Dr. Bose, now Professor Sir Jagadis C. Bose, read a paper before the Royal Society in 1901, showing as a physicist that tin could be tired and iron could have tetanus, and then, poaching on the domain of biology, asserted that plants could give response to electric impulse, Sir John Burdon Sanderson said that electric response of ordinary plants as described in the paper was absolutely impossible. He had tried to detect it for many years past without success. It simply could not be! The story of how Bose took up the challenge and within a year carried the jury of the Royal Society and every other tribunal of reason, is told in the life of Sir Jagadis by Professor Patrick Geddes. Bose's great success in this line of research consists in his keenly apprehensive mind (in 1895 he was anticipating Marconi and the "N" rays by wirelessly ringing bells and exploding mines), and in his marvellous skill in the construction of micro-apparatus for detecting the smallest movement in plants. When he had perfected an apparatus that magnified a thousand times, thus recording growth at the rate of a hundred-thousandth part of an inch per second, Geddes hazarded the opinion that the utmost perfection had at length been reached. "Man is never satisfied," said Bose, and went on with the making of an apparatus that magnifies a million times. If the snail's pace could be so magnified, says Bose, it would race forty times round the earth in twenty-four hours. In this apparatus, movement first upsets a very delicately balanced magnetic system with a mirror deflecting a ray to the extremity of an arc of any desired magnitude. It is only one of many machines that have made the workshop of Bose famous among experimenters. Another apparatus can be so nicely adjusted as to lower the platform on which a plant stands, at the precise rate of its

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"THE STARVING MILLIONS OF CENTRAL EUROPE."

These words were used in a special appeal made by "The New Statesman" on the 26th June; and we quote, in order to emphasise, the following passage from the same source:—

"It is impossible to imagine a more urgent purpose. There are to-day hundreds of financial appeals before the public. Every sort of Institution, from Universities to Homes for the Blind, is asking for money—and most of them deserve to get it. But the absolute need of food and clothing with which large areas of Central Europe are afflicted ought surely to take precedence of every other demand upon the pockets of those who have any means to spare. How far the present desperate situation is due to the policy of the Allied Governments may be a matter of opinion; but about the situation itself there is no doubt whatever, and the only immediately available remedies are private remedies. It is a question of helping to keep alive people who will otherwise die."

THIS estimate of the situation is in no way exaggerated. We have in our possession authoritative information—too full to quote in the space at our disposal—which we shall be happy to forward to anybody interested. We can here give no more than an indication of the conditions and the needs.

DR. OSCHMANN, Supervising Physician of Public Schools at Frankfurt, in a document compiled with characteristic Teutonic thoroughness, states that instead of the 2,500 calories required by the human body, the German population was forced to be content in 1918 with 1,344 calories; in 1917 with 1,100—little more than a third of the nutritive value which the French Government was able to demand for the French population. Up to the present time conditions have not improved. The lack of food, medical supplies and soap have brought the inevitable corollary of disease; tuberculosis and puerperal fever have claimed an enormous percentage of victims, while rickets, and other diseases of the bone have increased to an appalling extent.

Conditions in Austria are, if anything, even more alarming. The slight improvement in the number of deaths of children in 1920 compared with 1919 may fairly be attributed to the help that has been given by Americans and British. In 1919 tuberculosis accounted for one in four deaths and shows no signs of abatement this year. The number of deaths continues to exceed the number of births every week.

Poland's plight is almost incredibly serious. According to Colonel Gilchrist, of the United States Army Medical Corps, who has been in Poland for the last twelve months, that country is "threatened with the worst typhus fever epidemic in the history of the world, which, unless checked, will prove a danger that will threaten the whole of Europe."

We have workers in all the stricken districts doing their best to cope with the situation, but the magnitude and urgency of the need can scarcely be exaggerated. Help is needed, and needed at once, if it is to be effective, and we appeal to readers of THE NATION in the assurance that they will respond to the full measure of their power.

Money (which may be ear-marked, if desired, for special countries) should be sent to

A. RUTH FRY, Hon. Sec.,
Friends' Emergency and War Victims' Relief Committee,
27, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

Gifts in kind—clothing, medical supplies, soap, &c.—should be sent to the Committee's Warehouse at 11, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

Kindly mention THE NATION when sending your gift.

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growth. The line its tip records on a horizontally moving screen thus becomes vertical, and we can note the variations up or down per second caused by doses of alcohol, carbon dioxide, and other stimulants or poisons.

Concerning the sensitiveness of plants, it is stated that whereas the tongue of a European can detect an electric current of six-millionth of a unit, and the tongue of a Hindu four and a-half millionth, the plant responds to as little as one and a-half. Perhaps Professor Geddes ought to have pointed out that here similar phenomena are not being compared. The question is whether human tissue may not respond quite as quickly as vegetable, but subconsciously, as in the vegetable, until a force of four to six micro-amperes is reached.

The book tells of Bose's parentage, childhood, and upbringing. His father was a magistrate famous for his boldness and success in dealing with brigandage, and an ex-dacoit used to carry the lad to school and fire his imagination with tales of his former doings. Long after Bose had proved himself the scientific peer of his contemporaries all over the world, he was victimized for his race by the more backward of Indian authorities. Under pressure from Lord Ripon, the Director of Public Instruction at Calcutta offered him a provincial appointment which was refused; then after more pressure gave him an officiating appointment for which he was only entitled to one-third of the salary a European would have got for the same work. Bose protested by refusing to take his cheques, and in three years shamed the Government into putting him retrospectively on the proper footing and salary. He was fighting the battle of his countrymen as much as his own, and their lot has been improved as a result of his action. Neither did he fare well at first with the Royal Society, which by relegating his paper to the archives caused it to be said in India that it had rejected his investigations. As a physicist he was condemned by physiologists as an intruder, much as Rayleigh had been by the chemists when he predicted argon. He felt that he had run up against a caste system worse than that of India. Sir Jagadis has now fairly won through these prejudices, and has made easier the recruiting of the highly valuable Indian intellect for the cause of what has hitherto been called "Western science."

BOOKS IN BRIEF

"Nationality and its Problems." By SYDNEY HERBERT. (Methuen. 5s.)

MR. HERBERT endeavors to define nationality, a task which has baffled so many. He conceives it as solidarity between members of a social group known as a nation, as a manifestation of a consciousness of kind. He shows how unscientific is the use of the terms "race" and "nation" as synonymous, and dismisses the theory that race is a contributory factor in the development of the idea of nationality. For the idea of nationality to reach its ideal stature, he argues, men must be not only conscious of their kind, but willing to translate their consciousness into action. Co-operation must be not merely habitual and automatic. Into nationality there enters an element of active assent; it is dangerous to identify language and nationality. Mr. Herbert traces the stages of early social evolution, and finally discusses the crisis which the national idea is undeniably approaching. Since the war that idea is, on the one hand, being advocated with greater fervor than ever, and, on the other, it is being threatened by revolutionary doctrines. Mr. Herbert argues that nationality is to a social group what personality is to an individual. It is a complex product of heredity and environment, and this justifies its persistence. For men uprooted from their country the one force capable of socializing them is nationality. But political nationalism conflicts with the main stream of human affairs. "Nationalism is in politics what the peasant mind is in economics, a bitterly reactionary thing. Its aim is not service and co-operation, but exclusiveness and monopoly. . . . The world needs not more tariff-walls and fortress-

barriers, but fewer." To the argument that a mountain of legal documents will not prevent a nation savage with sacred egoism from oppressing another nation, he points to Article XI. of the Covenant of the League of Nations which creates (when the peoples determine upon it) the superior court of appeal having the will and the strength to enforce justice.

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"An Essay on Medieval Economic Teaching." By GEORGE O'BRIEN. (Longmans. 12s. 6d.)

MR. O'BRIEN'S essay examines the principles and rules which guided and regulated men in their economic and social relations during the Middle Ages. It is an important period for investigation, yet it is much neglected by economists. Many historians rule out the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries from the Middle Ages, but Mr. O'Brien carries his treatise up to the end of the fifteenth century. We are taken back to a time where man was not subordinated to wealth, where the relations of persons, and not the exchange of goods, was the dominant factor. The medievals insisted that "all production and gain which did not lead to the good of man was not only wasteful, but positively evil." Mr. O'Brien confines his attention to economic teaching, without extending it to the study of institutions and customs, contending that it is not accurate to assume that teaching grew out of contemporary practice. He admits that in many respects everyday commercial transactions came into conflict with the tenets of canon law and scholastic opinion; but contends that the admission of this fact does not prove that practice moulded theory rather than the latter the former. In urging the importance of the study of medieval times, he argues that there are only two possible ways of attaining the desirable new society—the way of Socialism and the way of Christianity. He believes the benefits of Socialism would be more than counterbalanced by evils, but is quite impartial in his proof that the two philosophies are distinct, that the teachings of Socialism are not identical with the teachings of Christianity. He treats extensively with the right to procure and dispense property, the sale of goods, the use of money, and the prohibition of usury. The reader is left with little doubt where Mr. O'Brien's sympathies lie, but the author is fair and careful throughout this informative examination.

* * *

"National Education in India." By LAJPAT RAI. (Allen & Unwin. 6s. net.)

A MOST interesting position is that of Mr. Lajpat Rai. When a foolish administration in the Punjab set out, thirteen years ago, to destroy him, he was a successful advocate in Lahore, an active philanthropist, and a devoted adherent of a reformed Hindu Church—the Arya Samaj. For more than twenty years he had labored on behalf of the college built up by this body in Lahore; and the Arya Samaj marches under a challenging device, "Back to the Vedas." These things being so, it might be expected that Mr. Lajpat Rai would be with those enthusiasts, not all of them Indian, who hold that for the new India no other foundation can be laid, to adapt a phrase of the Christian scriptures, than that is laid—in the tradition and ideas of the remote Fathers. But Mr. Lajpat Rai's thesis is not that at all. He proclaims that, while no Indian can or will apologize for his race, India must give up the thought of existence in time as a necessary evil; must seize other ideals than those of submission and renunciation; must learn to make a great affirmation of life. And, in order to do this, India must annex the knowledge, thought, and organization of the West through, first of all, a rebuilding and confident expansion of her education system. Mr. Lajpat Rai has had five years' continuous, and unwilling, residence in America. The experience has made him a fervid believer in certain educational aims and methods which are being worked out more thoroughly in the United States than in Europe. And in this sincere, impassioned, and ably written essay he offers an inspiring programme to the reform parties among his countrymen. The book is designed to provoke discussion and action, and it will succeed.



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which is making this urgent appeal throughout England and
Ireland.

**All other ways to Peace in Ireland
have failed. The way of Jesus Christ
remains to be tried.**

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE tone of markets on the eve of the holiday was a shade better, but business is, and is likely to remain, extremely exiguous. In addition to the customary effect of the holiday season, almost every other influence is calculated to check any market activity. Ireland, Poland, the lamentable weather, with its all too serious threat to the harvest and the exchange position tend in the same direction. The flood of new issues is over for the present, and prospectuses during the present month are likely to be comparatively unimportant, both in number and in the amount of capital sought. We are, in fact, in one of those periods in which the investment world appears to offer no attractions, but in which, in reality, the investor who thinks things out quietly on sound lines may often find opportunity for "getting in" on favorable terms. There are those who hope for a reduction of the Bank Rate before many months are past; if such an event takes place it would naturally send up the quotations of gilt-edged and all fixed-interest-bearing securities. But to count on an early cheapening of money seems at the moment premature, especially in view of the collapse of American exchange, and the dear money party have not yet ceased to call for a further rise in Bank Rate.

The weakness of the New York exchange, which has developed so prominently in recent weeks, is largely explained by abnormal anticipations of arrangements for financing large seasonal trade movements. To judge from the despatches of some New York correspondents, foreign currencies have been depressed in New York by the growth of the idea over there that Europe may shortly be entangled in fresh war on a large scale.

RAILWAY RATES AND FARES.

Annoyance over the sudden rise in railway fares at the height of the holiday season, natural though it is, must not be allowed to obscure the realities of the railway position. At the outbreak of the war, for vital reasons, the Government took over the railways, and guaranteed to the companies their pre-war net revenue. The companies also received a promise that the lines should be handed back to them with revenue earning capacity unimpaired. In order to keep this bargain—and it is difficult to see what fairer bargain could at that time have been made—the taxpayer has been compelled to pay for large subsidies. It is not right, or in the present position of national finance desirable, that national expenditure should continue to bear this burden. Nor, on the other hand, would any fair-minded man suggest that the Government could break its bargain and leave railway shareholders—who include many thousands of small savers and investors all over the country—to face very grave loss of income over and above the capital depreciation they have inevitably suffered. Two courses therefore are open: (1) Nationalization with compensation, or (2) to put the railways in a position to pay their own way. The first course has, rightly or wrongly, been shelved. The second holds the field and entails inevitably large additions to railway passenger fares and railway freight rates. The plan seems to be that the large deficit to be made up is to come as to 60 per cent. from increased freight rates and as to 40 per cent. from higher fares. If fares were raised less, then industry would have to suffer from a larger increase in freight rates. It is open, of course, to critics to say that some part of the deficit could be met by increased efficiency and working economy. But to this Sir E. Geddes is entitled to reply that such economy and efficiency is the main aim of his grouping proposals recently outlined. The Government's policy aims first and foremost at placing the railways on a paying basis, and this being so the renewed slump in home railway stocks may reasonably appear to have been overdone.

CURRENCY AND REVENUE.

Last week's Currency Return showed a small expansion in circulation, and bank-note circulation, as shown by the Bank of England return, was also higher, the movements

being due to eve-of-the-holiday requirements. For the week ended July 31st the national revenue was £23.4 millions, and expenditure £13.6 millions. Sales of war stores contributed no less than £8 millions to the week's exchequer receipts. Treasury Bill maturities at £80.4 millions exceeded fresh sales by £7.7 millions. Advances by Government Departments to the Treasury were repaid to the extent of £10½ millions, but there was, on the other hand, a net increase of £9½ millions in advances by the Bank of England. Encashments of National Savings Certificates were again heavy at £600,000, but fresh sales exceeded this figure by £150,000. The National Savings Organization is still working hard, and it is good news that 66 fresh associations have recently been formed. Receipts from Treasury Bonds were disappointing as usual at £310,000. In reply to a question by Lieutenant-Commander Hilton Young, the Chancellor of the Exchequer makes the following statement in Parliamentary papers: "I do not suppose that anyone ever anticipated that the response to the Treasury Bond issue would absorb the whole floating debt. The object of the issue was to make such moderate progress in that direction as might at the present moment be possible. I regret that larger amounts have not been forthcoming, but I cannot at present make any further announcement on funding." This disposes of the ill-founded rumor that Mr. Chamberlain has a bolder funding policy in view.

THE VOLUME OF TRADE.

Price changes are so great that it is difficult to obtain from the monthly figures of British overseas trade any real evidence of the rate of progress. Special importance, therefore, attaches to the publication in the "Board of Trade Journal" of a calculation as to the volume of overseas trade in the past quarter as compared with the corresponding period of 1913. The following summary is instructive:—

| April—June. | Value as Declared 1913. | Value of 1920 Trade at Average Values of 1913. | Value as Declared 1920. | Decrease in Volume. |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|--|-------------------------|---------------------|
| | £1,000. | £1,000. | £1,000. | % |
| Total imports | 182,467 | 176,237 | 502,763 | — 3.4 |
| Re-exports | 27,967 | 26,542 | 60,791 | — 5.0 |
| Exports of U.K. produce | 129,751* | 95,399 | 341,924 | — 29.5 |

Imports, huge as they appear from the value figures, are less in volume than in 1913, while British exports, judged by quantity, still lag far behind pre-war figures. However, the official calculation shows that the volume of our exports of manufactured goods was on the upward trend during the June quarter. But we have a long way still to travel before achieving the pre-war level.

COMPANY NOTES.

The railway dividends declarations have practically all appeared now, and the list contains little or nothing in the way of surprise. There are some changes in the interim distributions, but these do not mean any change in the full year's eventual distribution. The Employers' Liability Corporation, which recently bought the shares of the Merchants' Marine, has made an offer—which seems certain to be well received—to purchase the shares of the Clerical, Medical & General, thus aiming at establishing itself as a full composite office. The terms offered to the Clerical & Medical shareholders are decidedly generous, and, in the long run, the deal is likely also to benefit the purchasing company substantially. The proposed deal may, therefore, be regarded by both parties concerned with mutual satisfaction.

There are those who talk of the way in which high taxation is hampering trade. If one may judge from the report of Arthur Guinness, Son & Company, it is not hampering "the trade." Gross profits for the year ending June 30th, 1920, were £12,941,426 and net profits £3,263,907, against comparable figures for the previous year of £5,858,854 and £2,050,679. In respect of the past year, the ordinary shareholders are to receive 12 per cent. plus a bonus of 8 per cent., free of income-tax.

L. J. R.

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